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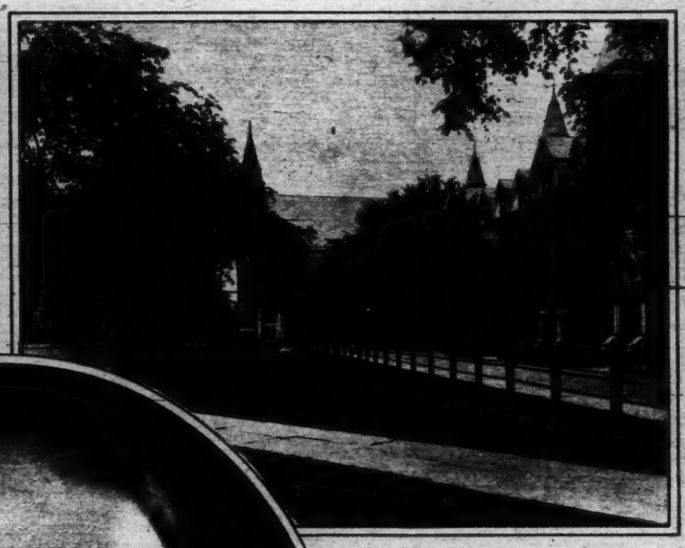
THE STUDENT MOVEMENT SURGES

College Undergraduates, Long Inarticulate and Pliant to Their Elders' Will, Now Demand a Hand in Educational Affairs — The President of Vassar Analyses the New Campus Ferment

Nassau Hall, Princeton.



On the Yale Campus.

Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College.

Agitation against compulsory chapel, reports of undergraduate committees on the curriculum, scathing college-paper criticism of campus and classroom conditions proclaim a student movement in America. The modern undergraduate begins to evolve from the type of pre-war days, with a self-conscious and independent personality, and he is being heard on his own account in the councils of the college. At the request of THE NEW YORK TIMES, *President MacCracken of Vassar College, one of the most understanding of observers among the college authorities, has written the following interpretation of what is going on in student circles today.*

By HENRY NOBLE MacCRACKEN

THE student movement, long deferred, is beginning to make headway in America, but powerful influences have delayed its appearance.

The original American college was patterned rather after Eton College than Oxford University. It was a superior school with a few masters, by whom morals and manners could be carefully watched. It was under the strict control of the Church and subject to visitation. Until the middle of the last century library and laboratory facilities were almost non-existent. Text books were few and poor. The student gained a passing acquaintance with twenty standard texts, scarcely more. Standards inevitably suffered from the poverty and remoteness from cultural centres. The college of 1850 had developed scarcely higher than the best boarding schools of today.

These handicaps proved to be blessings in disguise. Had America taken over the fully developed European forms there would not have been the originality that our system displays today. The American college, because of its very poverty, turned its gaze to the instant need of things. It struck deep root in American soil and found the fertile springs of action.

More than one hundred years ago Stephen Van Rensselaer founded at Troy the first undergraduate engineering college. In 1841 the University of Michigan set up its Utopian heaven of a university in a democracy. Nearly one hundred years ago the college for women first saw light in the South. At the same time coeducation became the practice of the majority of American institutions. By the Morrill act of 1863 the agricultural and mechanical arts came to occupy honored and preferred positions in the university curriculum. These innovations were peculiar to America in the system of higher education.

Most striking of all was the incorporation in the university scheme of the undergraduate college with courses of a broad informational character filling out the scanty background in the American student's home training. This purely collegiate living, in the midst of university environment, has been the cause of much shaking of heads by educational leaders whose eyes are fixed upon European models. They ignore the fact that without these undergraduate bodies the moral and financial strength of the university would not exist, and even the tremendous pressure that great educational foundations can bring to bear will never uproot this truly American feature.

The introduction of these elements into American higher education has occupied nearly a century. The increase in the number and the power of colleges, the immense sums raised for their maintenance, the overwhelming tide of students, the rapid turn in Faculty personnel, the incessantly expanding campus, the extending of the idea of going to college to all classes of the commonwealth—these and other movements have made education a rather perplexing thing. Standards have been built up with enormous difficulty. Weathering financial and other perils, the college has made its President a captain at the helm with complete power over his ship's crew. In the midst of all this adjustment the student's life outside of his classroom appointments, his leisure day, has perforce been excluded from the scheme of things. This has been most fortunate, for he has been permitted to turn it to his own account. He has devised a life of his own.

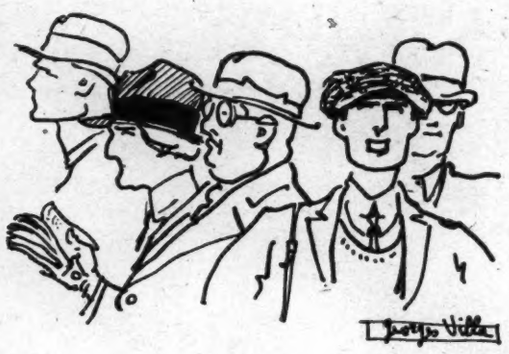
Most of the American colleges were originally situated in the smaller villages. As the body of students grew they were forced to provide their own housing accommodations and thus the fraternity—in form stimulated by the Free Mason movement; in substance, the substitute for the college hall of residence—came into being. The women's colleges, however, having always provided halls of residence for practically all of the students, have escaped the fraternity.

These societies, like the "nations" of the medieval university, still preserved at Upsala in Sweden and elsewhere, were in form a college within a college. Many American students are more loyal to them than to their college. The attitude taken by the fraternity on moral and social questions determines its members' attitude with more finality than chapel addresses or Sunday sermons. In recent years university authorities have wisely recognized this fact, and by stimulating a sense of responsibility in fraternities for the academic standing of their members, have secured the most helpful cooperation in improving the general habits of study among the fraternity members. The national officers of the great American college fraternities frequently exercise a stricter control and demand a severer conformity to accepted social behavior from their undergraduate brothers than the college authorities themselves feel able to enforce.

Next to the development of the fraternity the student movement in the United States has occupied itself with the development of collegiate and intercollegiate athletics. Various games have been developed and standardized, sports and training have been brought under systematic development, and immense sums of —(*Continued on Page 18*)

PARIS SHRUGS ITS SHOULDERS AT THE TOURIST HORDE

Your French Citizen, Unless He Benefits Financially From The Foreign Invasion, Is Mostly Indifferent



Types of American Tourists.

How does Paris look upon the American tourist? In the following article the question is answered. The author is, of course, a Frenchman.

By GEORGES VILLA

LAST year there were 300,000 tourists in France, of whom 200,000 came from America.

Yet the ordinary existence of the Parisian was not directly affected. The wave washes over a few of the nearer rocks and some of the heights, but without penetrating very far below the surface.

The French people, as a whole, finds no benefit deriving from this tourist invasion. Citizens are, as a rule, not even curious about the hordes of foreigners in their midst. Only the few who stand to make direct financial profit—such as the hotel keepers—are at all interested.

There is a sort of narrow canal, through which the visitors pass and which, in a way, isolates them. It might be compared with the phenomenon of the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic Ocean.

Yet is it not said, sung and written everywhere that France is a country of hospitality? This is as true today as it was yesterday. One cannot be aware of the strangers from every country, living in France and taking advantage of the freedom she offers, and doubt for a single moment that France is hospitable. Then how explain the native indifference?

Well, for one theory, it is because of this great number of foreigners living in France that curiosity is lacking. And perhaps it should be added, in order to be quite exact, that occasionally the welcome extended is not always a warm one. Absence of warmth is due to several causes.

Francs Versus Dollars

There is the question of "exchange." A Frenchman is keenly conscious that with his poor francs he cannot compete with the dollars and pounds of the tourists. Many essentials, amusements and luxuries totally inaccessible to him prove inexpensive to foreigners.

La Fontaine tells how the earthenware pot was shattered in trying to keep up with the pot of iron. The Frenchman considers himself the earthenware pot and the tourist the pot of iron, when it comes to finances. Still, this subject of exchange, though it furnish the basis for many heated arguments and the stirring of much bitter feeling, is at most a temporary item. There is another reason, which, if merely sentimental, is no less forceful.

I refer to the spirit of patriotism that, in spite of prejudicial politics, lies deep in the heart of every Frenchman. It is this fundamental patriotism that prevents his paying any attention to the snap judgments so lightly made by a majority of visiting foreigners. A single glance, says the Frenchman, is enough for them. They sum us up as one does a country viewed in passing through it on a train.

What is France to the tourist? It is Paris; it is Montmartre. It is the Moulin Rouge, the Casino de Paris, the Folies Bergère. Well might Frenchmen exclaim: "What an advertisement!"

In French Government administration and national institutions (we ourselves admit they are not perfect) the foreigner is sure to find much to criticize and laugh at. But is it very surprising that the Frenchman, hearing only criticisms and loudly expressed opinions, is not entirely satisfied with them?

Paris has become a cosmopolitan city. It is a great world market place. Its shops cater to rich foreigners, transformed, thanks to the exchange, into opulent nabobs. Paris appeals to lovers of liberty. Stomachs and minds can give themselves up to every folly. One obtains better drinks there than in America; one can dispute more freely there than among the Soviets. There one can be more undisciplined than in England.

But again it must be admitted that Paris is composed of two very distinct elements. Of one element the real Paris is made up; the other exploits its own reputation before the eyes of foreigners, who come from every corner of the world.

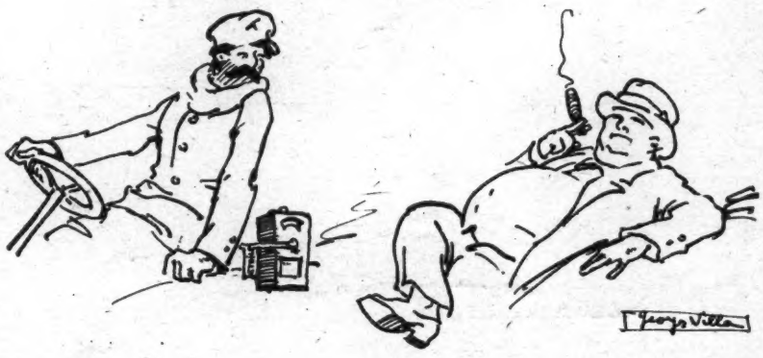
The first class is composed of people fond of their own way of doing things, who live the normal life of the nation, struggling, suffering and weeping with it. Officeholders, manufacturers, intellectuals, they make up a total of perhaps three or four millions. The stranger passing through the country does not even see them—consequently does not know them.

The second element comprises profiteers who are rapidly acquiring wealth owing to the country's present financial situation. They are the hotel keepers, boarding house owners, restaurant proprietors, dressmakers, retailers of articles of luxury, taxicab chauffeurs and music hall hosts.

And now let me describe these visitors as they appear to Frenchmen. It is a picture, of course, based upon an impression supported only by the reflections resulting from silhouettes—one that, nevertheless, leaves a clear outline.

Last Summer tourists arrived from every country in the world, like great flocks of migratory birds. One saw Americans, English, Dutch, South Americans, Spaniards, Scandinavians. Each day newspapers announced the arrival of fresh thousands. One encountered them on every hand. In front of our great monuments, to which the Frenchman no longer pays attention (such as the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde or the Eiffel Tower), one saw quiet, well-behaved, admiring groups.

Or one observed them packed in heavy auto buses, making the tour of Paris day and night. One heard the raucous voice of the guide shouting, in a language foreign to the Frenchman, archaeological and historical information concerning the Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, Notre Dame. In spite of the fact that one knows these groups of sightseers to contain men notable in their own countries—manufacturers, artists, &c.—and despite the fact that many of the visitors are good friends of France, the impression made is merely this: That they are a lot of strangely dressed, grown-up children, making queer remarks about what they see.



Paris in One Day by Taxi.

The Englishman, thin or very fat, always red in the face, could be distinguished last year by his "elephant foot," mouse-gray trousers, a hat that is the last word in style pulled down over his eyes, a pipe eternally in his mouth, field glasses slung over his shoulder, white-checked gaiters and enormous bamboo cane. He carries a Baedeker guidebook in his hand.

The Scandinavians, the Danes, the Hollanders, all blond peoples, seem to have just come from their game of golf. They wear short, baggy knickers and a cap replaces the soft hat. They carry themselves stiffly, chins held high in the air. One sees again the Baedeker.

The South American, with his olive complexion, displays glistening white teeth in a wide smile, which seems to be capable of unlimited expansion. With his dusky eyes, his shining hair, so black that it looks blue, he is the Don Juan. He usually sports a superb white hat. Whatever his age, he is thin and dressed like a "Gigolo." He also makes use of a Baedeker.

But it is the Americans who, most of all, impress the French. Their expression is happy—the happiness felt by a man who knows how to enjoy the present. In an American's eyes one reads satisfaction that testifies to moral as well as to physical health.

The typical American man is smooth-shaven, dressed in a light gray suit, his customarily cold and formal appearance transformed into youthful gayety. He is conspicuous by his obviously exaggerated "sporty" manner. He wears huge round spectacles—and carries a Baedeker guidebook in his hand.

The Frenchman Shocked

As for the American women tourists, one does not find them beautiful. Having become tourists, they no longer have any desire to appear womanly. And that is what shocks a Frenchman. The American lady tourist is dressed in sport clothes like the men. She wears heavy shoes, a cocoa-colored felt hat, and carries, slung over her shoulder, a large money bag instead of a dainty purse. She often swing a cane.

One is scarcely able to detect a difference between the American woman dressed in this manner and the Swedish woman, unless it be by her general demeanor and the expression in her face. From our Parisian point of view, the wearing of such a horrible costume cannot be understood. To us it disfigures too much the delicate and graceful effect of the fair sex and is too practical.

The Frenchman not directly affected by the flow of traffic through the tourist canal is, however, made aware of the foreign invasion by the numerous amusing jokes related. One of these humorous anecdotes runs as follows:

"An American passing through Paris wanted to see the city in one day. In order to accomplish this he hired a taxi. He was one of those expressionless Americans—'icy-faced' as the French love to depict them—and an architect.

"He had the chauffeur drive past all the great monuments of the capital. Passing a house that was still under construction, he stopped the taxi and questioned the chauffeur:

"'When was this building begun?'

"'About six months ago,' answered the driver.

"'Six months! In America we would have built that shack in eight days!'

"Next they arrived at the Pantheon.

"'Well, that isn't bad. That's a fine piece of work. Tell me, chauffeur, how long did it take to build that?'

"'I do not know, monsieur—perhaps a year or two.'

"'Great Scott, we could have done it in a month!'

"Similar outbursts continued during the balance of the tour. But then the chauffeur began to lose his temper. 'My customer is exaggerating,' he grumbled to himself. 'Wait a bit, my friend; I'll settle you. I don't come from Montmartre for nothing.'

"And just them they came to the great Church of Notre Dame.

"'Stop! Stop!' ordered the American. 'This is really splendid!' Then, after a minute: 'And how much time did it take for that?'

"Raising his arms with a stupefied expression, the chauffeur exclaimed: 'Well, I never! This is beyond me. That wasn't here last night!'"

Another story told of the American tourist relates to a Frenchman from Marseilles, and, as is well known, a Marseillais is never to be outdone in telling a story. The American, a fat meat packer from Cincinnati, was describing how they made sausage meat.

"In France," said he sarcastically, "in order to kill a pig and get one ham you use implements worthy of primitive man. In Cincinnati we put the live pig into one end of a machine, turn the handle, and at the other end comes out your choice of sausages, bologna or ham."

"That's nothing," said the Marseillais, after thinking a minute. "We do even better than that. Our machine works both ways. If one makes a mistake, and the sausage does not suit our taste, we turn the handle the opposite way and get back our pig."

With Their Guide, They Halt Before a Historic Monument.

"Man's Progress, His Evolution, Were Hard Earned and Every Step Was Paid For to the Full."

Courtesy of Illustrated London News.

HOW MAN WON HIS PLACE ON THE EARTH

In His Social Evolution, He Has Followed Three Natural Laws That Still Govern His Life and Migrations

The writer of the following article, a member of the staff of the Smithsonian Institution, is known throughout the world for his researches in the field of anthropology. He recently received the famous Huxley Medal from the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.

By ALES HRDLICKA

WITHIN the last two years more has been written in this country about human evolution than in the rest of the history of the subject, and yet it is doubtful if the great truth and meaning of it all has been brought home. The discussions are either too controversial or too technical. They appeal perhaps more to the passions or the cold intellect than to the heart and imagination. The garb is not sufficiently attractive. Yet the subject of man's natural history, of his origin, differentiation and spread is inspiring almost beyond measure.

Writers usually begin in the deep and still largely unknown past of organic or human life, where many uncertainties yet prevail. In dealing with these, some speculation is inevitable and this means weakness to the general reader, of which he tires. He tires next of the whole subject; it appears to him too nebulous.

The Riddle of Humankind

Suppose, however, we look at things in another way—from the present backward. Humankind, the greatest accomplishment of this world—what is its meaning? How, why and where did it come to exist, branch, change in color and feature, until it reached the vast conglomerate of races and types and abilities that it is today? Humankind, covering all habitable parts of the earth to the smallest favorable spot or island, approaching two billions in numbers and presenting an infinite variety in all its characteristics—what do we know about it?

Take America. White man's country since only yesterday. The Indian's for a few thousand years before. Preceding that, just a paradise of plants and animals without anything human. Take any section of America, find its burial places, its sites or mounds, excavate the Indian and perhaps some later remains, and the section remains absolutely devoid of anything further human. Fifteen, perhaps even ten thousand years ago, these two great continents were still completely man-barren.

Take Australia. The aborigine with his "gin" (woman), his easily recognizable remains from the graves, and no other people; all in all at most a few thousands of years, and again no trace of anything human before.

Or Eastern Asia—Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Eastern China, Western Siberia, the Philippines. Much work of search and excavation by the painstaking Russians, the clever Japanese and others; but not a trace as yet of any man older than the neolithic, or but little before. Ten, fifteen thousand years here, too, evidently would more than cover the period of human habitation. In Western China, Central Siberia, man may have been somewhat earlier, but even here he is evidently but post-glacial.

Even in Europe there are no human beings as yet in Scandinavia, Finland, Northern Russia, Iceland, Ireland and probably Scotland, fifteen thousand years ago. And many other parts are covered by forests and marshes in which roam the aurochs, wild hogs, bears and wolves, with man still absent or but a rare visitor.

Thus, less than a score of thousands of years ago the human world was not one-half, probably not one-third, as large as it is today. There are existing no American Indians, none of the eastern Asiatics, no Australians, no Nordics, none of any of the present peoples or even their immediate ancestors. Culture, art, cultivation of soil, domestication of animals are still unknown or barely in their beginnings, and man knows not yet how to construct permanent dwellings, build a bridge that would leave any lasting trace of its existence, or navigate a boat.

So young is mankind as we know it today. But it had a long, laborious and difficult infancy reaching far back into the Ice Age. What almost endless sacrifices man was obliged to make before he became sufficiently apt to cope with adversities and have a sufficient surplus of progeny to enable him to multiply and to spread to the more distant parts of the earth! His progress, his evolution, were hard earned and every step was paid for to the full. He may justly feel proud of his present stage, achieved after so much difficulty, and be very jealous of his acquisition. He has reached a point where at last he is fairly conscious of his evolution and is capable of helping it.

A Prehistoric Craftsman at Work.

Courtesy of Illustrated London News.

We are dealing essentially with the peopling of the earth. About this it may be said that as a general rule the further back we go in time the more we find the populated areas of the earth restricted. And the focus toward which they shrink is not Central Asia, which on attractive theoretical but rather collateral grounds has been and perhaps still is considered by some scientific men as the possible "cradle of man," but Western and Southwestern Europe. It is there, and there alone, to this moment that we find the hoary stone-tool cultures and now and then also the skeletal remains of the man of the glacial time and of the inter-glacial warm period.

Here, extending possibly to parts of the Mediterranean watershed, according to the man of material evidence, was man's early nursery, probably even his cradle. It is here, in Southeastern England, the Channel Islands, Eastern Belgium, Southwestern Germany, France, the Pyrenees and Spain that we find in caves and sites and ancient terraces, stratum upon stratum of accumulations of the refuse of ancient human habitations, including an almost endless number of primitive stone implements, and of the bones, in some cases vast quantities of bones, of extinct animals which early man hunted for their flesh.

These animal remains, and the old river terraces, give a rude register of the time when man lived in these regions. The top strata show the animals of yesterday—the bear, wolf, horse, deer, cattle, rodents. Below that come the extinct forms of the last cold spell, the reindeer, cave bear, arctic fox, the earlier horses and bisons, and the mammoths; and still further back these give place to the forms of the long; warm interglacial period, the ancient elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, hyenas, camels, &c.

Man's Record in Europe

These records, archeological and paleontological, of man's presence in Western Europe go back several hundreds of thousands of years to somewhere in the earlier part of the glacial epoch, where are found no older animal species and where the stone implements become so crude that in most cases it is a question whether they are implements shaped by a human being, or those of some subhuman precursors, or merely accidental natural formations.

For over 300,000 and possibly as much as half a million of years, early man is thus seen developing very slowly in Western Europe, evidently barely keeping his own, and in reality disappearing repeatedly from given regions, to reoccupy them perhaps later in another shape. Doubtless whole territories were more than once depopulated through epidemics and flight of the survivors, or through the cold of the last

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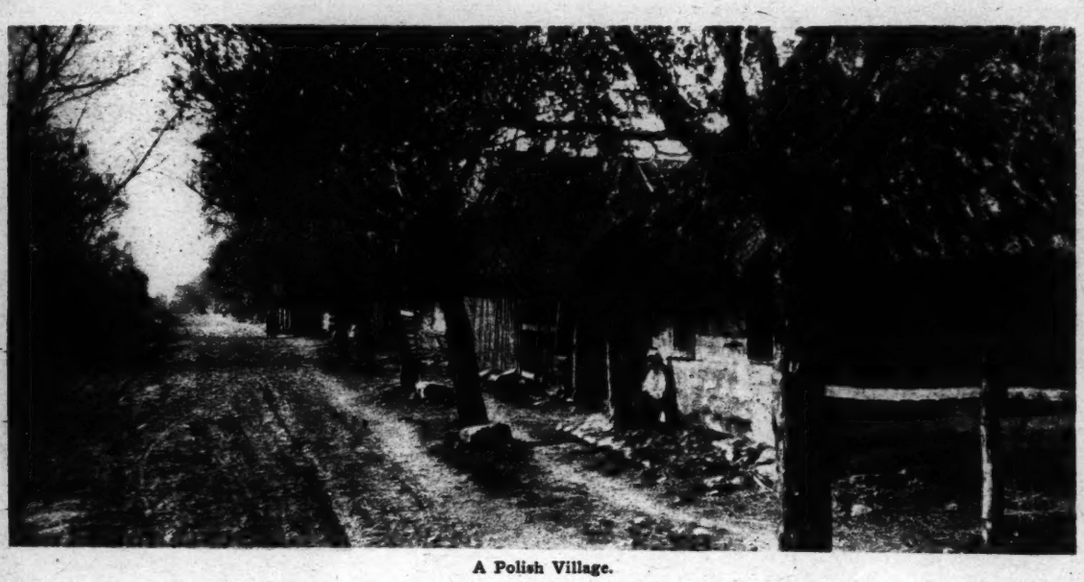
POLAND REVELS IN SUPER-PATRIOTISM

Warsaw Citizens Let Reconstruction Wait While They Raze A Russian Church



A Polish Village.

By HERBERT C. THOMPSON

WHEN the impetuous old Marshal Pilsudski added a new episode to his turbulent career as a patriot by turning suddenly from the writing of his romantic memoirs to upset the Polish Government, several administrations had been busy effacing a church edifice in Warsaw. It was the Russian church, a great pile of white glazed brick surmounted by five imposing domes, with a higher campanile at its side. For eighteen years the workmen of the Czar had been building that church, which was one of the largest modern churches in the world.

Untold sums of gold rubles were spent. It was opened with the pomp of the Russian Orthodox ritual two years before the outbreak of the World War. At the armistice it stood unimpaired, ready to face the centuries, save that the domes had been stripped of their shining roofs of gilded copper during the German occupation, leaving them bare and gray.

The Thing That Mattered

While the infant Polish Republic was taking its first steps, upheld by the firm and sympathetic hands of the allied powers, the Poles, to emphasize the separation from Russia, began to tear down this bulky structure with its bulging domes. They had knocked the inverted onion off the bell tower, which stood 240 feet high, when an ultimatum was served by the Allies.

To these fervent patriots, leveling down that Russian church seemed the only thing that mattered. Let the stripped, burned and wrecked factories wait, each smokeless chimney a gravestone of a once productive industry. Let the bridges wait, dynamited by the retreating Russians, as there was still a serviceable bridge repaired by the Germans. And why bother yet about the peasants begging for tools, live stock, seed and fertilizer? The American Relief Association could get all the food that was needed from America.

The church was a hated reminder of Russian tyranny. Its erection had been regarded as a studied affront to Polish pride. The officials and lawmakers gathered in Warsaw could not attend to practical affairs while this memento of the terrible past imposed its shadow upon them in the heart of the capital.

As lenders of money and armaments, the Allies were at the time in a position to enforce their will. But the church became a political issue. It was no longer a religious issue, for it had been converted for worship to the use of the Church of Rome, to which the Poles had been loyal through many centuries. Foreigners within a day after arrival took sides one way or another in the controversy.

Their curiosity was excited at once by the Russian-Byzantine architecture, so different from the modern Romanesque style of the newer parts of Warsaw and the red roofs, carved wood and wrought iron of the medieval quarter. Then the first stranger they met would tell them the story. Strangers could understand why the Poles felt resentful in the presence of this Russian monument, but few sympathized with the idea of its destruction.

An expression of the Polish point of view was given by a young soldier who had been long enough in the States to speak American with ease. He had stopped to watch me take a snapshot of the façade. Clearly this compliment to Russian builders displeased him, and his tone was politely critical. The Polish press, said he, reported that the Allies were laughing at Poland's simplicity and tolerance in preserving this memorial of Russian oppression. And the people shared this view. The presence of the church had become a national reproach.

This controversy over the church illustrates the exalted quality of Polish patriotism no less than of Polish stubbornness, for no sooner did the Government feel financially and politically able to defy the Allies in the matter—and France had been foremost in protecting the building from harm—than the work of razing it recommenced. The site was to be made a public square, to be trod by Polish feet.

Unyielding pride and stubbornness upon points of honor are ruling characteristics of the Poles. Material and practical advantages and disadvantages, which Americans always take into consideration, are waved aside. In the matter of pride the Poles are less yielding than the Latins. This practice of seeking a compromise of differences, of being content with what can be obtained by bargaining, so characteristic of democratic Americans, is offensive to Polish sensibility. Perhaps that is why Poland is a land of soldiers, artists, poets, musicians.

Leisurely Ways in Poland

Poland's current political troubles grew out of the same kind of spirit as that which developed their controversy over the Russian church. Polish patriotism is devotion rather to an idea than to a thing. To American travelers Poland seems still to suffer from the Russian tradition. Its new officials were trained in medieval methods under antiquated systems, imbued with the sense of power and of catering to personal influences while doing business with a ponderous system of huge ledgers.

In Warsaw, Government officials do not go to work until nearly noon, and the whole force takes between two and three hours off for lunch, Slavic fashion. It is this type of public servant who invented a mass of obstructive laws and regulations that has hampered the economic development of Poland, especially as the enforcement is uneven, sometimes severe and sometimes slack.

In the newly emerged Poland the army seems to receive most of the ambitions and enterprise of the country. Men of large affairs in commerce have had too many grave economic problems to struggle with to devote time to politics, which has been run by army men, bureaucrats and farmer and labor elements. So it is that Pilsudski emerges as the prototype of Polish patriot.

It was for his devotion to a free Poland that he was banished to Siberia. He edited a Polish Socialist paper after his escape, intrigued in Japan for a Polish revolution during the crisis of the Russo-Japanese war, led a Polish legion in the Austrian Army during the World War and ended in a German jail because of the mutinous attitude of his troops after Poland had fallen to Germany. His reasons for his present revolt are doubtless patriotic. "He wished to raise the nation higher, to real democracy," his wife has explained. Starting an armed revolution in free Poland at a time of financial and commercial distress would be beyond comprehension except for the Monarchist intriguing abroad that has been going on.

In the Spring of 1920 there happened a thing difficult for an outsider to grasp. The Polish Republic was established on the sentiment of self-determination. Yet while its army was uniformed largely in French, British and American uniforms, except for some special corps in brown and gray with braid trimmings, there began a movement to push out to the frontiers of the old imperial kingdom which went to pieces a century and a half previously. The Poles were claiming Gredno in Lithuania, where the people spoke only Lithuanian, Russian and Yiddish, and they had put up signs and public notices in the Polish language.

Warlike feeling was as bitter toward the Czechoslovaks as toward the Russians. But the break came with Russia. In April Trotsky proposed a peace conference. Its haughty rejection by the Polish Foreign Office was greeted at home with applause. Upon the heels of this rejection a ten-day ban was placed upon all trains, mails and telegrams. The official explanation was that the Government enforced this drastic order to prevent speculation while stamping Austrian paper crowns, which should thereafter pass as legal tender at a par with Polish marks. But everybody knew that it was to screen a troop movement.

The Fortunes of War

Later there came to Warsaw the news of the capture of Kiev in the Ukraine. Streets were filled with jubilant people. Had not Poland won the war for the Allies by disrupting the Central Powers? So she was now coming back into her own and taking what the ungrateful Allies had denied her. However, there was a psychological phase to the invasion that the zealous Government had failed to take into account. The Russian people flew to arms not to defend the Soviet Government but to defend their homes. They drove the Poles back to the defenses of Warsaw.

Here the Poles became the defenders of their homes in turn, while the Russians, after high expenditure of energy, went to pieces in the glow of success. But they left Poland standing as an example of a long, oppressed people whose sudden liberation went to their head.

Travelers acquainted with life in the Latin tropics are amused to find that the Polish word for tomorrow is as popular as the Spanish mañana. Moreover, the luncheon hour is quite as protracted as in the tropics or the Far East. Warsaw cafés open between 9 and 10 in the

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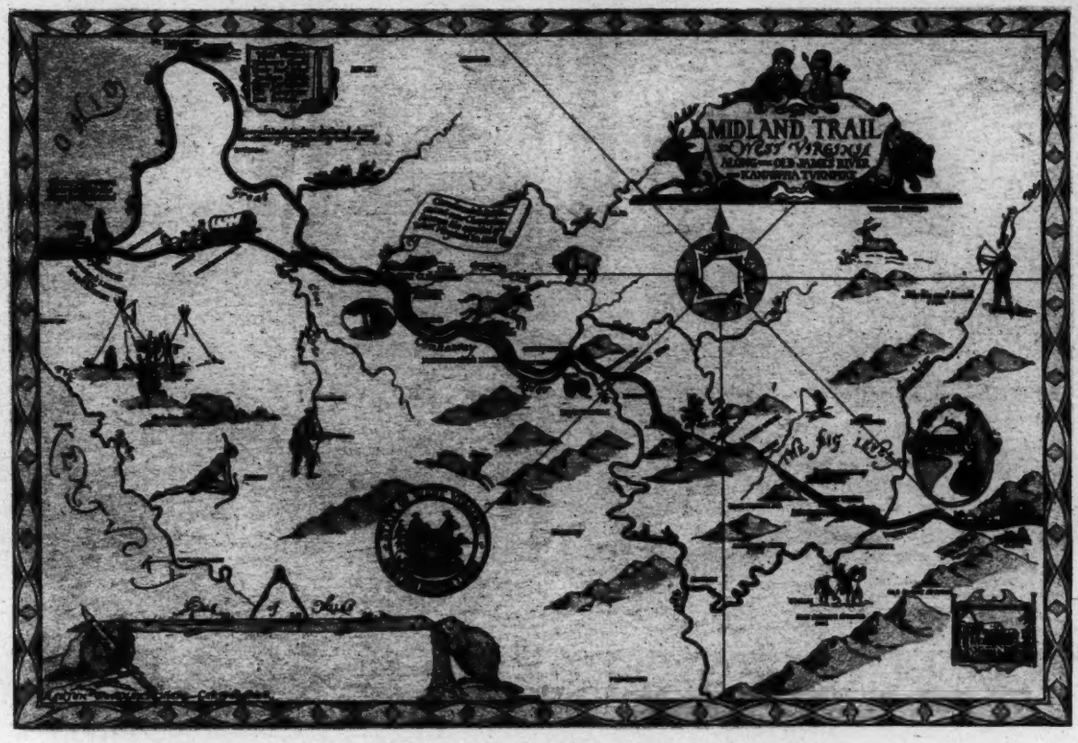
Market Day in a Polish Village.

OLD MIDLAND TRAIL RENEWS ITS YOUTH

Highway of Pioneers Through Virginia Opens Again To Traffic



Westward Ho! The Route Followed by the Early Pioneers.

By PERCEVAL RENIERS

THE James River and Kanawha Turnpike is open once again. This Spring, nearly a century after the initial completion of the proud old highway, it celebrates not only a birthday but a rebirth. In its heydey one of the main gateways from Virginia to the western waters, this turnpike suffered a succession of mortal blows, one from the steamboat, one from the Civil War and one from the iron horse.

The fine wide ribbon of road that George Washington thought would tie the West to the East so firmly lay shredded and torn. The broken toll gates fell across it like dead men, and for over half a century the country through which it passed has been almost cut off from vehicular travel—West Virginia mules and an occasional Ford car excepted.

The re-opening of the old route as a modern highway (the Midland Trail) is like turning the key in the lock of an ancient treasure chest. The key, to be sure, is new and shiny, being the contrivance of twentieth century engineers; but what lies within is very much as it was when the chest was closed in grandfather's boyhood.

Log Cabins Still Remain

The glamour of the past, if somewhat tarnished with age, still lies upon this trans-Alleghany country that was "put away" with the decay of the pike. In the coal reports, in flashes of miners' battles, it has by no means come to light. These have only added a layer of coal dust to the gray deposit of years under which the picturesque days of the span of six and the coachman's trumpet lie hidden.

Still standing along the route are many of the log cabins and some of the log taverns that used to blink stolidly at the passing coaches of the flash by the rushing horseless things that replace coaches and Conestoga wagons.

These are turnpike legacies—left-overs from the crowded era of westward expansion. But the dust of that time overlays a still more ancient dust. As is the case with the Mohawk Trail, the Seneca Trail and Braddock's Road, the beginnings here are far beneath the macadam. Even the most venerable log cabin has not seen the footprints of the road's first surveyors—lumbering, shaggy beasts with cloven hoofs and an uncanny instinct for the best waters of this very river that the Buffalo Trail struck off westward. It would not have led the Captain and his company to "ye South Sea," which some thought was just over the hill; but their lack of tourist information delayed the Empire of the Mississippi for about a century.

The first great opening day of the trail as a white man's thoroughfare was in the Fall of 1774. Thus lightly do we pass over the lustrum during which bison, Indians and wandering French and English hunters shared the trail in something less than a brotherly spirit, and come to the

Stockton Tavern at Kanawha Falls.

disappointed Henry Clay, the stormy Andrew Jackson, the redoubtable Thomas Benton and many another bigwig of the by-gones who regularly traveled this way. Here still are to be seen some of the more pretentious caravansaries of clapboard or brick or stone whose roof-trees shook to the revelry of a nation in overflow.

The overhanging rock that sheared the top from President Jackson's carriage still bends over the road. The ancient maple that was Lee's tent in 1861 casts its shadow over the headlong motor caravan of 1926. Hundreds of history-soaked landmarks wake in sleepy surprise to see

overland routes between the rivers Ohiopeekhanne and Shenando.

For the James River and Kanawha Turnpike got its start in the world as a buffalo trail. In the early Summer herds swept eastward before the prairie heat into the cool pockets of the mountains, and at the first threat of snow swept back again.

No one knows what white man discovered the Buffalo Trail. If the crafty Powhatan hadn't barred the way when Captain John Smith was dickering with him for corn at the Falls of the James (near the site of Richmond), the Captain's memoirs might contain still another thrilling adventure. It was from the head-

Battle of Point Pleasant, Cornstalk's Waterloo. This was the last of the major clashes between Virginia pioneers and the Indians, and frontiersmen trekked over the Buffalo Trail for their bloody rendezvous at the Ohio.

They executed a tremendous transaction. Eleven hundred men by their march to and fro transferred a great travel route from its wilderness possessors to the white immigrant. The effect, as history is reckoned, was immediate. In a few short years the way was cleared and wagon trains were pouring their cargoes over the mountains and into the West.

The only other event at all comparable to this was the better known sally of General Braddock over Nemacolin's Path, the approximate route of the later National Cumberland Road. But the ignominious affair of Braddock discouraged travel instead of opening the way almost at a stroke.

No sooner does the mind's eye see the first edition of this road (a rough precursor of the turnpike) cleared and leveled, the corduroy laid down and the first immigrant trains bumping over the mountains to the navigable waters of the Great Kanawha River, than there enters, as might be expected, Daniel Boone. Not that it needed a thoroughfare to bring him in; they usually drove him out. This was his interregnum. He wasn't on his way West; was merely coming back East to "set awhile" after his flier in Kentucky real estate, when he laid Boonesboro off in lots.

Daniel Boone Hits the Trail

Just now, in 1788, he chose to pitch his cabin on the river bank near the present site of Charleston and watch the flatboats filled with pioneers and their belongings drift down the river toward his Kentucky lots. At this stage of the game, before the broad turnpike was laid down beside the Kanawha River, the smoothest part of the journey was by water.

Boone's association with Charleston and the Kanawha route lasted for a decade. When during this time he was elected a delegate to Richmond, his long legs swung him over the road (it was in vain that the other delegate tried to get him into a coach) as they had swung him along when it was a bison track. But by 1790 he saw a warning in the increasing activity of the road makers. The shadows of coming events—stage coaches sweeping up and down a broad highway, covered wagons and cattle drives—fell over him like threatening shapes, and he hit the trail for Missouri.

"Mad Anne" Bailey was another of the great frontier figures. Her name and fame are inextricably bound up in the first road. She was a scout rider between the forts along the way, from Covington to Point Pleasant, and needed the route in her business. It was her life, her Fifth Avenue. She rode it to bring powder and shot to the beleaguered block-houses. She brought the first copper coil still over it, sustained and soothed and moved to strong language by its product. During her career of a thousand and one exploits, Anne Bailey toted her gun and wore trousers and more than paid off her score against Providence for neglecting to make her a man.

She, too, passes out of the picture before the onrush of surveyors headed by the famous Crozet, one of Napoleon's ex-engineers, before the clank of road makers' tools, before the toll-gate and the other agencies that were soon to turn this pioneer's bump-the-bumps into a bona-fide highway. By slow stages it was completed from Staunton, in the Virginia "Valley," to the Kentucky line. By the end of the century's first quarter most of the James River and Kanawha Turnpike was a fact.

It worked a new magic in the country. Lying between the two great roads north and south, the National Road and the Cumberland Gap Road, it offered them the sturdiest of competition, and in some respects outclassed them. The National Road was, of course, the king of the country, with its 18 inches of crushed rock roadbed, its 30 feet of width running through a cleared track 60 feet wide. The Federal Treasury was behind its building and upkeep. No other route could touch it.

But in the hot rivalries among these most important commercial institutions of the time, the James River and Kanawha gathered to itself many partisans who believed it second to none, and they let the fact be known. Its scenery, its direct flight, its inns, its stage service—these were vantage points from which the native Virginian could talk down any other road that presumed to crow over one of the prides of the Old Dominion.

Once the travel floodgates were opened, the highway teemed with life. The era of the turnpike furnished a phenomenal pageant, one unique in history—something less than a half century of mad, colorful migration. We shall not look upon its like again. In the expansion of the race it stands alone. "Millions of the world's adventurous spirits rushed for these narrow funnels, poured through them pell-mell, and were spouted out upon the plains beyond. In the course of a decade or two this thundering charge

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Pedestrians Without the Fez on the Famous Galata Bridge in Constantinople.

NEW TURKEY PROGRESSES AT HIGH SPEED

Under the Guidance of Mustapha Kemal the Nation Is Reorganizing Its Life Along Modern Lines

By ROSE LEE

ANGORA.

THE new Turkey has arrived. The tranquillity of old is gone and throughout the country there resound the rumblings of progress. Once legend had it that in Turkey babies never opened their eyes until the tenth day; today it is said her babies are born with their eyes open.

Perhaps the West has hitherto been right in regarding Turkey as a backward child, feeble in equipment and incapable of ultimate progress because of the pressure of Mohammedan traditions in politics and social life. Lately those Mohammedan traditions have received a series of climactic blows which are likely to prove fatal—beginning with the abolition of the Caliphate and ending (for the moment) with the adoption of European codes of law.

It may be that the tragic events of twenty years, culminating in the Greek occupation of Smyrna, were necessary to rouse the dormant spirit of Turkey. It is easy to justify events when they are over; to discover blessings in past misfortunes. But it is also true that there is nothing like a period of crisis for whipping the energies of men to their highest pitch and making men aware of their own abilities.

Turkey's Years of Trial

The Turks have seen their country live through a period of defeat, of foreign domination, of destruction—and of rebirth. There was a time, five years ago, when the Greeks were overrunning Anatolia, burning and pillaging as invading armies will. The Ottoman Empire had already been trimmed down, until only Constantinople and Asia Minor remained. Constantinople was in the hands of allied armies, with all the powers intriguing openly for supremacy, and the Greeks taking advantage of the rift in the lute to hold patriotic demonstrations in the streets of Constantinople.

The value of Turkish money fell even lower than it already was. The cost of living soared to fantastic heights. Thousands of refugees starved to death in the Government camps. Hundreds of villages in the interior were ruined. When you realize how narrowly Turkey escaped complete effacement, you marvel at the degree of energy required, first to save her and then to perpetuate her in new form.

If you are looking for scenic changes in Turkey, you must know that all the moss-grown theological seminaries are abandoned; the cemeteries with their lovely slanting tombstones are locked; all the shrines are empty. There is not a layman in Turkey who wears a fez or even a kalpak—because of which the so-called color of the East is considerably diminished. A Turkish woman may go without a veil and bareheaded, if she wishes. She has no fear of being stopped by the police. Hundreds of women are exercising this privilege.

What the peasant thinks of all this, as he squats in his mud hut of an evening and watches his lamp-wick flicker in a saucer of oil, can never quite be fathomed. But the "civilized minority"—which has given the republic its leaders—is pleased and proud. In the cities of Constantinople and Smyrna—even in Erzerum on the Black Sea, which recently gave its first ball—men and women are beginning to enjoy social life after the manner of the West. If you are looking for conscious adjustment to new standards, you will find it in the cities. If you are looking for the genuine spirit of the revolution, you must go to Angora; must leave the city on the Bosporus, with its exquisite skyline, its cypresses, its air of delicate decay. Constantinople is beautiful, but it is a dying city. The cypress is a proper emblem. Its harbor, once a crowded port of exchange, is very quiet now—the harbor European war lords have coveted for centuries.

The commerce of Constantinople was choked off by the great war. Allied occupation for five years dealt it a further blow. And it has not yet recovered, though there are some signs of revival. In the past, the Turks have been soldiers, Government officials, farmers. Their business they have left to strangers. At present the Government is taking strenuous measures to change the situation.

These measures involve high taxes, costly licenses for foreigners and a demand that a large percentage of the personnel of every business be Turkish. It is unfortunate that all the things aimed at for stimulating national initiative must serve to discourage Greeks, Armenians, Jews and foreign traders, upon whom the prosperity of the port has depended for so long.

One finds a great deal of outspoken pessimism in Constantinople. The merchants of the city are inclined to be morose, like merchants the world over when business is bad. But Constantinople—a little shabbier than she used to be, robbed of her ancient eminence as the capital of Turkey and the home of the Caliphate—still guards the entrance to two seas, and awaits the resurrection. It is an axiom of geography that this city cannot pass away.

The capital has been shifted to a less exposed position, to Anatolia, which is after all the homeland of the Turks. Constantinople is no longer a political centre. But the position of this city on the map guarantees eventual revival. If Turkey succeeds in working out her salvation along the lines now begun, Constantinople may once more become a centre of commerce, while the directing force of the country comes from Angora. An analogous relation is to be seen in America, in the cities of Washington and New York.

Meanwhile the mind of Turkey has moved to Angora. There you will find a group of men, mostly ex-soldiers of the War of Independence, who are now the aides-de-camp of Mustapha Kemal in his battle against poverty, superstition and ignorance. All of these are men under 50; most of them are under 40. They are quick, nervous, practical—in short, they are moderns.

They work intensely, all night if necessary. They play just as hard, at bridge and the newer sport of fox-trotting. Their dancing is done by the light of oil lamps, on floors covered with linoleum. For they live all Winter in draughty cabins among the hills, waiting for the day when the program of building in Angora shall provide them with a house of stucco.

To understand New Turkey you must see these men. You must go to Angora. Across the ferry at Haidar a traveler takes the train, journeying past orchards beginning to flower along the Sea of Marmora, past stark hills and rocks walls that recall the Colorado Valley. There are villages burned down by the Greeks and not yet rebuit. You pass the slender Saqquaria—one of the large rivers in Turkey—along whose banks Kemal won his famous victory. Sometimes you go for miles without seeing a soul, through regions unkempt and underpopulated, as so much of Anatolia is today. It is a trip of eighteen hours, reduced from twenty-five by the latest road-bed repairs.

A Turkish Cemetery Overlooking the Golden Horn.

Rebuilding Under Handicaps

The history of these repairs is characteristic of New Turkey. After the Greek armies retreated in 1921, it was discovered that they had burned bridges, blasted tunnels, torn up whole sections of railway tracks. Turkish engineers set to work immediately to reconstruct the line from Constantinople to the new capital. They had no money for new materials, so the débris was used. They built crude wooden bridges, piecing the tracks together out of fragments a few meters long. To the surprise of every one the trains ran.

As general conditions improved the Ministry of Public Works set about improving this line bit by bit. Today the journey from Haidar Pasha to Angora is as comfortable as that from Washington to Boston.

All night your train climbs gradually, and in the morning you emerge upon a high plateau of dunes and treeless hills. This country is beautiful, too, in a grim prairie fashion, with the sun's shadow falling purple and blue. The atmosphere is rarefied and bracing—the famous mountain air of Angora, to which such varied powers are ascribed.

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THE EPIC OF '76: THE FOE AIMS A BLOW

With the Hour of Conflict at Hand, Colonists Rally to Party of Independence and Build Fortifications to Resist the British Invasion From Sea—Tense Watch Kept for the Enemy Fleet

By the beginning of June, 1776, two British fleets were completing their preparations to strike—Sir Peter Parker's, off the coast of South Carolina, and General Howe's, on the point of sailing from Halifax. On Sullivan's Island in Charleston Harbor Colonel Moultrie was finishing his palmetto log fort, and Clinton was landing 3,000 soldiers on Long Island, near by. But the Revolutionary spirit was rising in the face of threatened attacks. The developments are set forth in the following article, the seventh of a series describing, week by week, the events of 150 years ago that culminated in the Declaration of Independence.

By R. L. DUFFUR

A DUST-COVERED horseman galloped into Charleston, S. C., on May 31, 1776, with somewhat the same message that Paul Revere had carried to Concord and Lexington more than a year before. He pulled up with a flourish before the door of President Rutledge's headquarters, flung the reins to an orderly and dashed in. Rutledge started up. Here was news he had been waiting for.

"The British fleet's in sight. They're off Dewees Island and coming south under full sail."

Probably Rutledge heard the words with relief. For months it had been known that the British were preparing an expedition to reduce the Southern Colonies to submission. An intercepted letter, brought in by a privateer, had even informed the Colonists as to the number of troops to be sent on this errand—seven British regiments, amounting to about 2,500 men.

Fleet Sighted Off Cape Fear

Late in May the fleet had been sighted off Cape Fear. General Charles Lee, sent South to take charge of the defence of the coast, had got news of this matter as he passed through South Carolina. Then the fleet had disappeared, though, as Lee wrote, "It was far from being ascertained whether they had steered their course to the northward or to the southward."

At that moment there was not a British soldier under arms on the soil of the Thirteen Colonies, for the garrisons had all been driven out during the campaign of 1776. But this situation had in it a strategic advantage for the British. As long as they kept on board ship they were much more mobile than an equally large force on land. They could threaten the whole coast.

The fleet that was now beating down toward Charleston (though not with such speed as the first reports indicated) had actually set sail from Cork more than three months earlier, but the gods of weather had been on the Colonial side and the ships had encountered storms and been scattered and driven back to port. Finally, after assembling and refitting, the fleet had started again. Its Admiral was Sir Peter Parker, and the Earl of Cornwallis, destined to win an enduring place in American annals, was in command of the 2,500 troops.

Meanwhile Sir Henry Clinton had been sent south from Boston, shortly before the evacuation of that city by General Howe, and had effected a junction with Parker's fleet. Clinton, who now took command of the expedition, carried with him a proclamation against the "Congresses and Committees of various denominations, utterly unknown and repugnant to the spirit of the British Constitution," who were "waging an unnatural war against the King"; denouncing the "infatuated and misguided multitude" who were guilty of these offenses, and offering a "free pardon to all such as shall lay down their arms and submit to the laws."

But nothing could have been further from the thoughts of the Southern Colonists at the moment than to beg pardon of any king on the face of the earth. On the contrary, the approach of the British fleet drew to the revolutionary side many citizens who had previously been wavering and reduced the Loyalists to silence.

Off Charleston harbor lay an island known as Sullivan's, and on this island was an unfinished fort in command of Colonel William Moultrie. Both the fort and its commander were to become immortal a few weeks later. It is worth while, however, to row out across the harbor and make their acquaintance now. Sullivan's is one of a chain of islands running north from Charleston bar. It consists of a strip of sand, about four miles long, with a few trees—palmettos, myrtles and live-oaks. Northward, across a shallow inlet, is Long Island. North of Long Island is Dewees Island. Inshore are swamps and salt marshes.

Colonel Moultrie's troops are camped on Sullivan's and gangs of civilian employes and negro slaves are working on the fort, which is to be of two rows of palmetto logs, sixteen feet apart, the space between filled in with sand. Colonel Moultrie walks about, as calm as the legendary cucumber, smoking a pipe and directing the work. The fort is far from finished. It will still be far from finished on the fateful day that is coming. But no one worries less than does Colonel Moultrie.

"We Have Seen This Day Two Large Ships."

On June 3 he walks to the edge of his sandy spit, looks out to sea for a long time, and returns to write a note to President Rutledge.

"We have seen this day," he says, "two large ships, a topsail schooner and a tender. The tender has been very busy in sounding from the inlet at our advance guard, all along to Long Island. It seems as though they intended their descent somewhere hereabout.

"Our fort is now enclosed. It is the opinion of every one that we should have more men at this post; but as I know they cannot be spared from the capital, I must make the best defense I can with what I have got, and doubt not but that I shall give four or five hundred men a great deal of trouble before they can dislodge us from this post."

The day after this letter was written General Lee reached Charleston and took command in the name of the Continental Congress. He brought with him 500 Continental soldiers from Virginia and 1,400 from North Carolina. Lee was a trained soldier who had seen much experience in the European wars. Moultrie's attitude annoyed him. This simple rustic Colonel was not making proper plans for retreat. Lee pointed out the desirability of building a bridge over which a way to the mainland could be found. Moultrie assented but did not build the bridge. This little controversy was to continue for some weeks to come.

In Charleston the sighting of the fleet had produced a feverish activity. New batteries were placed, and in order to enable them to sight their mark the warehouses and stores along the waterfront were torn down. Public documents, printing presses and other movable property were taken to the interior.

The British began their task with exasperating deliberation, though as this gave the Colonists time to bring in the back country militia, mold window weights into bullets and dig new trenches, there was no real cause for complaint.

After making the necessary soundings the invaders set about getting their ships over the bar—a process that required taking the guns out of the heaviest of them. Meanwhile Clinton put 3,000 soldiers and marines in small boats and landed them on Long Island. His object was to take Moultrie in the rear while the warships hammered him in front.

Clinton's maps showed a depth of three feet at low tide between Long Island and Sullivan's Island. After his troops were all landed he tested the map's accuracy by wading in. The depth was seven feet instead of three—too deep for even a Prussian grenadier. Clinton emerged less light-hearted. It was delightful Spring weather, and on shore the magnolias were beginning to bloom. But the principal Spring crop on Long Island was mosquitos. We may safely leave Clinton's men fighting them while we swing north along the coast to look at another British fleet and army, in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

General Howe had been at Halifax ever since his retirement from Boston in March. The delay, he explained in a letter to Lord George Germaine, was due to the "late arrival of provision ships." During the first week of June, however, he was busy embarking troops and "waiting only for favorable weather to proceed to Sandy Hook." With the troops already at Halifax, and those at sea drawing near the American coast, he had a prospective force of more than 31,000 men, well supplied and with an abundance of artillery. Among them were the Hessians.

General Howe's Plan

Ever since the preceding year he had kept in close touch with New York through the Royalist Governor Tryon on board the Asia, and he knew the location and importance of Washington's fortifications. His plan, matured in Halifax, was to land on Long Island, storm the forts on Brooklyn Heights and capture New York City.

He was in touch, also, with affairs in the North. "My best endeavors," he wrote, about this time, "shall be employed to engage the assistance of the Indians of the Six Nations, and I hope, by the influence of Colonel Guy Johnson, to make them useful."

Off New York the watch for the British fleet kept up incessantly. On June 1 General Putnam got a report that five men-of-war had been sighted off the Hook. Four days later three armed vessels (whether the same or other ships) were reported. The suspense grew greater. There was electricity in the air. The Tories who still remained in New York City had a harder time of it.

Sometimes there were flashes of humor in the struggle against disloyalty. For instance, there survives among the curious documents of the time a denunciation of a "certain Mrs. Lawrence" of New York City.

"Mrs. Lawrence, early this Spring," said an indignant citizen, "settled in this precinct, opened a shop here, then, knowingly, contrary to the resolve of Congress, has retailed Bohea tea at 8 shillings a pound, and to evade the resolve in that respect, pretends to sell her tea at 6 shillings per pound, but will not let the purchaser have the tea unless

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COLONIAL CHILD PORTRAITS ARE NOW IN FASHION

Americana Boom Awakens Interest Among Collectors in This Field—Children Were Miniature Grown-Ups

Elizabeth Ann Smith, by Theus.

By ALVA JOHNSTON

WITH the present boom in Americana of all kinds, interest has greatly increased in early American portraits of children, some of which are among the most quaint and engaging of Colonial relics.

Most of these portraits are owned by the present generation of the families to which the children belong. Some are in museums of art and local history. Very few are in the hands of collectors and dealers. Until recently they were not valued sufficiently to be drawn into the general art market.

The first sight of many of the old portraits leaves the spectator gasping. Early painters for the most part understood very imperfectly the proportions of a child. The portraits are as a rule "large-headed," this effect emphasized by the widespread custom 150 years ago of dressing a child exactly like an adult. Girls of 5 or 6, for instance, were dressed like ladies-in-waiting. They had décolleté gowns with stays, ruffs and all the ribbons, laces, slashes and puffs that the style allows. A boy of the same age was dressed like a fine lady, too, although less elaborately than his sister.

Whisked Out of Petticoats

The boy was in petticoats to his toe-tops. Suddenly, one day, at the age of 5 or 6, he would be shelled out of his ladies' wear and inserted into that of a man of the world. A miniature Colonial dame one day, he was a full-blown courtier the next, periwig-pated, with a cocked hat and sword.

The same custom prevailed in England. The liveliest description of a boy's bursting his feminine chrysalis appeared in 1679 in a letter written by the mother of Lord Chief Justice North. The letter follows:

Dear Son:

You cannot beleeve the great concern that was in the whole family last Wednesday, it being the day that the tailor was to help to dress little Frank in his breeches in order to make an everyday suit by it. Never had any bride that was to be drest upon her weding night so many hands about her, some the legs, some the armes, the tailor butt'ning, and others putting on the sword, and so many lookers-on that had I not a finger amongst I could not have seen him.

When he was quite dressed he acted his part as well as any of them, for he desired he might goe down to inquire for the little gentleman that was there the day before in a black coat and speak to the man to tell the gentleman that there was a galiant with very fine clothes and a sword to have waited upon him and would come again on Sunday next.

But this was not all, there was great strivings, while he was dressing, who should have the first salute; but he said if old Joan had been here, she should, but he gave it to me to quiett them all. They were very fit, everything, and he looks taller and prettyer than in his coats. Little Charles rejoiced as much as he did, for he jumped all the while about him and took notice of everything.

I went to Bury, and bought everything for another suit which will be finished Saturday, so the coats are to be quite left off on Sunday. I consider it is not yett terme time, and since you could not have the pleasure of first sight, I resolved you should have a full relation from

Yor most affnet mother,
A. NORTH.

George Washington furnished a graphic picture of a 4-year-old miss in stays, with a mask and fan, when he ordered the following bill of goods from England for his stepdaughter, Miss Custis:

8 pairs kid mitts
4 " " gloves
2 " silk shoes
4 " Calamanco shoes
4 " leather pumps
6 " fine thread stockings
6 " " worsted "
2 caps
2 pairs ruffles
2 tuckers, bibs and aprons if Fashionable
2 fans
2 masks
2 bonnets
1 Cloth Cloak
1 Stiffened Coat of Fashionable Silk made to packthread stays
6 yards Ribbons
2 necklaces
1 Pair Silver Sleeve Buttons with Stones
6 pocket handkerchiefs.

On this page is shown a sober-faced matronly person in sweeping skirts, who turns out to be a boy named Dan. This is Daniel Ravenel of Wantoot, the portrait being by Jeremiah Theus, an early eighteenth century painter, whose work is still hanging on the walls of many old houses in the South. Dan was painted with a bird in his hand, as were most other children of his time. Alice Morse Earle, author of "Child Life in Colonial Days," describes as follows a child portrait by Copley:

"A more exquisite portrait * * * can hardly be imagined. It is painted in Copley's best manner. A light-hued satin petticoat front shows under a rich full-skirted satin overdress which brushes the ground. The pretty satin sleeves have white undersleeves and wrist ruffles, but the neck is cut very low and round. The child holds two pigeons by the leash."

The subject of this portrait is a little boy named Tom—full name, Thomas Aston Coffin. Describing a Colonial portrait of Robert Gibbs, aged four and a half, Mrs. Earle praises "the masculine swing" with which he wears his petticoats.

If the artist failed to paint in a bird in the portrait of a child, he usually introduced some other pet or specimen of natural history. A squirrel appears now and then. Twelve-year-old Cornelius D. Wynkoop of New York (painted about 1750) points one finger at two gamecocks threatening each other. The portrait of John Joy Jr. by Badger, also shown on this page, brings in a dog, a tree and a landscape with distant

Portrait of John Joy Jr., by Badger.

mountains. Landscaping is rare in Colonial art, except as background. John Joy Jr., with his big, serious, intelligent face and his gorgeous coat, waistcoat and knee breeches, looks more like George Washington or Thomas Jefferson on a reduced scale than like a small boy.

A still more mature and fashionable figure is that of Samuel Pemberton, 12 years old, who was painted by Blackburn in 1724. He is not only dressed in the height of fashion, with all the lace, satin and ruffles that he can carry, but his head, also, is covered by a huge white-powdered wig. It was necessary to shave the boy's head in order to bewig it in this fashion. There are Colonial memoranda in existence noting the payment of barber's fees for keeping small boys' heads shaved for this purpose.

Décolleté and Necklaces

Elizabeth Ann Smith, whose portrait by Theus is here reproduced, wears a décolleté gown and sash and two pearl necklaces. Instead of a bird she carries a basket of fruit in the left hand and two bunches of grapes in the right. In spite of her low neck and jewels her dress is comparatively simple and childish. Others of her age are in high-waisted gowns of state, with laces and stays. At about the same date in New York, around 1730, the twin daughters of Abraham de Peyster were painted in red velvet gowns with trains—but barefooted!

The fact that a portrait shows a boy in the costume of an eighteenth century buck does not always mean that the boy habitually dressed that way. The Colonial artists sometimes dressed their portraits in the height of style, even when their sitters followed a simpler mode. Eighteenth century traveling was very hard, and artists who worked over a thinly populated country sometimes spent the Winter in their studios painting bodies from the soles of the feet to the neck. They spared no expense in arraying these headless figures in fashionable magnificence. In the late Spring and in the Summer, when roads were in better condition, the artist would go on tour, painting heads from life and joining them on to the ready-made costumed torsos.

In the cities there was less reason for the use of factory bodies. But students of early American paintings look very narrowly at the welding of the neck and body in eighteenth century portraits that were painted in the country.

Love of brilliant raiment goes back to the very beginning of things in Puritan New England, as well as in the South. The early New York Dutch let no one outdress them. Within less than a generation after the landing of the Mayflower, New England magistrates were engaged in a losing fight against silk and fripperies. Silks were forbidden to wives of men worth less than 200 pounds sterling. The wives of poorer men were again and again fined, punished and bound over to keep the peace, after being caught abroad in silks. The early New England court records are most heavily burdened with rum and sex causes; but dress crimes also are numerous.

Costly Attire for the Rich

An ancient complaint is on record that, in spite of repeated examples made of overdressed women, they "paisted in ffionting" their silks. Members of the family of a man of property could dress as much as they liked. Costly attire was not discouraged for those who could afford it. Governor Winslow, for instance, ordered fine red coats from England in half-dozen lots.

Although some of the Southern artists could be relied on to supply the splendors of dress, whether the sitters possessed them or not, there was no lack of fine wardrobes even in the remote country districts of the South. Some of the planters were criticised for going about in cotton caps instead of in cocked hats, but they were exceptions. John Pory, Secretary of the Virginia Colonies, wrote home to England:

"Our cowekeseper here of James citty on Sundays goes accoutred all in ffreshe ffiaminge silke, and a wife of one that had in England professed the blacke arte not of a Scholler but of a Collier weares her rough bever hatt with a faire perle hatband, and a silken sute thereto correspondent."

Portrait of Daniel Ravenel of "Wantoot."

Photos by Courtesy of the Frick Art Reference Library.

FOUR PAIRS OF HANDS BUILD AN ABBEY

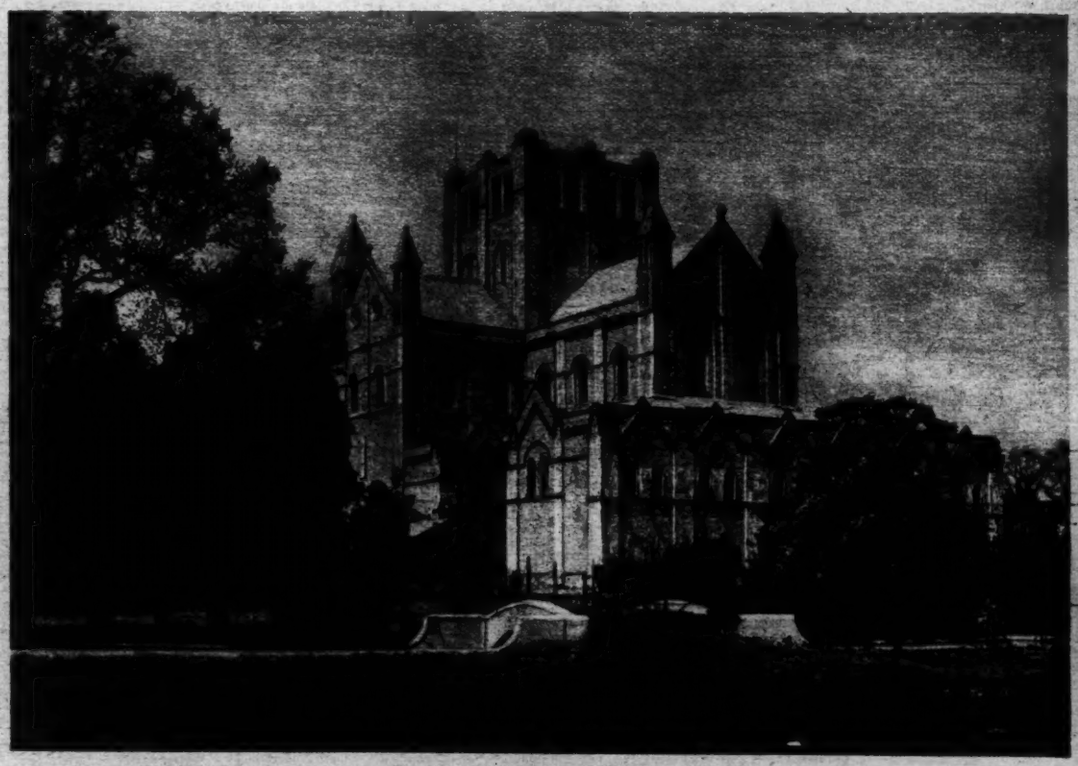
The Benedictines of Buckfast, England, Have Toiled for Many Years

By SEUMAS MacMANUS

ENGLAND'S central broadcasting station at Davenport sent out recently over the three kingdoms, the Western Isles, Faroe and Shetland in the far North, and Scilly and the Channel Isles in the far South, a chiming of bells in the cathedral of the Benedictine Abbey of Buckfast. What was extraordinary in the occurence—what sounded almost unbelievable to the ears of the listening multitude—was the announcer's information that this cathedral, now nearing completion, had been built by four men.

Buckfast is a beautiful and romantic spot in the Valley of the Dart, in South Devon. The influence of Irish missionaries and of Irish teachers who converted and civilized Britain in the sixth and succeeding centuries bore fruit there early. One of the first churches of Britain was founded in this valley.

Buckfast Abbey became the centre of religious and social life for the folk of the region, and passed through many vicissitudes under Saxon, Dane and Norman. In the sixteenth century the oft-married Henry, when he gave way to his orgies of religious reform, first robbed and then destroyed this abbey. In course of time it became but a memory.



A Vista of Buckfast Abbey Church.

Sang for Land

Then, less than a century ago, a wandering band of Benedictines, having been originally driven from France and having camped in England, Ireland and Scotland, at last reached Buckfast, where they "squatted," so to speak, upon ground that had once, long ago, belonged to their order. Of this ground they obtained possession for a song—even literally; for a generous friend who had heard them sing matins

The Sanctuary of Buckfast Abbey.

paid the small price needed. Their worldly belongings, when they "moved in," consisted of the habits upon their backs and a blanket each—these and nothing more.

More than two decades passed in labor and prayer. They had established themselves with what little comfort the rules of their order permit. Early in the present century, on an October evening as they sat talking after their frugal meal, the Abbot disclosed to his religious brothers a long-kept secret. It had been for many years, he said, a cherished dream of his that a beautiful edifice might be erected here to the glory of God. The time to begin building it had now, he thought, arrived.

This idea met with a quick response, and enthusiastically the Benedictine brothers launched upon an inventory of their resources. They found that they had among them one mason, Brother Peter. They had a horse and a cart, with a man to handle them. Their treasury boasted one unbroken sovereign. Beyond these assets was unlimited religious faith. The task could be undertaken. Unanimously it was agreed that they should begin at once the building of a cathedral.

One of the brothers was dispatched to the City of Exeter to learn stone carving. Within five weeks the first load of stones, drawn by their own horse and cart, came in through the gates. Brother Peter, hammer and trowel in hand, directed where it should be deposited. On that same day the foundations were begun.

News of the extraordinary undertaking spread. A neighboring farmer sent word that he would contribute 100 loads of stone. Another said that they were at liberty to take from his land all the sand they wanted. Very soon after that a number of persons of limited resources met and guaranteed to contribute toward the building of the cathedral £70 ($350) a year until the work was completed. An architect had already contributed the plans.

Two brothers labored day after day all through that first Winter. When Summer came there were three or four at work upon the cathedral. Some days the number of workmen of necessity fell to two, and on some other days, to make up for this, an extra hand or two augmented the force. Generally, however, the number was four, with Brother Peter the only artisan. Gradually, as the work proceeded, others picked up trades.

The lark as he arose in the morning from beside the waters of the Dart found the builders already busy, and when he went down to his rest in the evening saw them still toiling patiently on. These brothers worked with a complete disregard of union hours and union rules. He who was nominally a carpenter did not hesitate, when need called, to put his hand to stonework or to become a plumber. The lark and the linnet, the blackbird and the thrush provided music. In the evening, their day's labor done, the brothers themselves would sing.

The countryside heard with astonishment of the task these men had set themselves. People came to gaze in wonder. South Devon shook its head, believing the project to be mad. Motorists, passing along the road, frequently paused to ask what it was these men were building. When told, they would laugh and go on. Sometimes they would return with picnicking friends, and all would grow mirthful over what looked to them a quaint piece of folly.

Brother Peter, a dry humorist, made the most of such situations, and the patient laborers got perhaps as much fun out of the mocking interest their task aroused as did the mockers themselves.

Grateful Brother Peter

Some of the curious onlookers were kindly disposed and left small monetary offerings to cheer the poor fellows along. With a twinkle in his eye, which was not detected, Brother Peter would gravely accept the largess of these benefactors, adding it to the treasury. He was always very grateful.

Through many years the four men continued at their task of stone carving, hammering and sawing. Labor was interspersed with song and prayer, while the gaping world smiled and passed by. Such questions as these were continually being put: Where are the stones? Where are the workmen? Where is the money? Where is the congregation that will worship in this cathedral when it is finished? And "The Lord will provide" was always the simple answer of the Abbot. "The Lord will provide" echoed the brothers.

Not once was the public appealed to for aid. These men relied entirely upon themselves and upon God. Yet individuals, from time to time, hearing of the work of faith there in the fields of Devon, volunteered contributions. In twenty years the single sovereign that had composed their treasury to begin with swelled to 20,000.

At length, three Summers ago, the quiet of the Dart Valley was broken by joyous celebration. A great throng of coreligionists from all parts of England, a Cardinal at their head, came to consecrate the cathedral and to open it for worship. The building was about two-thirds finished.

The visiting throng marveled at this structure, the work of a few pious hands. The style of the church is Romanesque and early English Gothic. The interior measures 240 by 62 feet. There are three bays in the apse and nine in the nave. Behind the high altar there will be six little chapels, with an ambulatory between them. The vaulting of the church is particularly striking.

The Abbot's throne is handsomely carved in the manner familiar to those who are acquainted with ancient Celtic illuminated manuscripts. This, as well as all the other carving in the cathedral, was done by the brothers themselves, who acquired skill as they worked. Bells have now been placed in the tower, and it was those bells that were heard the other day by people who gasped when they learned that a church of such dimensions had been erected in less than a quarter of a century by four zealous pairs of hands.

It will be three years more before the final touches are given by the same limited band of workers. When finished Buckfast Abbey will stand a living reminder of the miracles of the Middle Ages; proof of what can be done by faith and devotion in a modern machine age.

It should be added that the rest of the brothers, although not actively engaged in the building of this cathedral, were steadily occupied, each in his own way, upon other useful work. One of them, Dom John Stephan, has just completed a new musical notation, called Isotonic Notation, the result of years of work and hailed by leading musical publications as of immense importance. One authority says that "experts who have carefully studied Dom Stephan's system in all its aspects confidently predict that it will revolutionize the whole study and printing of music."

'HENRY IV' REVIVED FOR NEW GENERATION

The Players Will Re-Create Shakespearean Characters Not Seen on the New York Stage for Thirty Years

By H. I. BROCK

IT is thirty years since New York has seen a performance of "King Henry IV." Yet the consensus of the wise counts it the greatest of the series of plays in which Shakespeare wove into a rich tapestry to adorn the stage the historical procession of the English Kings. It is also the play in which Sir John Falstaff sprang full-orbed from the poet's brain. Yet a whole generation of Americans has grown up and come to its prime without looking upon the immortal fat knight on the boards—except in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." There, for all his undiminished bulk, he is but the shadow of his original self—he who has been called "a knave without malice, a liar without deceit; and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency or honor."

Tomorrow night New York will see "Henry IV" again and look upon Falstaff, not as the butt of the women of Windsor, but as the boon companion of that Prince Hal who became as Henry V the prime hero of England, outshining even the Black Prince whose luckless son by the Fair Maid of Kent was done out of his realm of England (and his life) by Prince Hal's father.

In that last performance thirty years ago Julia Marlowe braved it out as Prince Hal, daintily keeping low company in The Boar's Head in Eastcheap. In the coming performance Otis Skinner will be Sir John, "larding the lean earth" along the highway by Gadshill where the multiple men in buckram set upon him, and putting honor in its place upon the battle-ground of Shrewsbury Plain. This time Prince Hal will be a mere man—but partly to keep up the tradition, the young Prince John, pictured by Shakespeare as a most gallant youth, will borrow the boyish full-length figure and blond cropped head of Rosamond Pinchot.

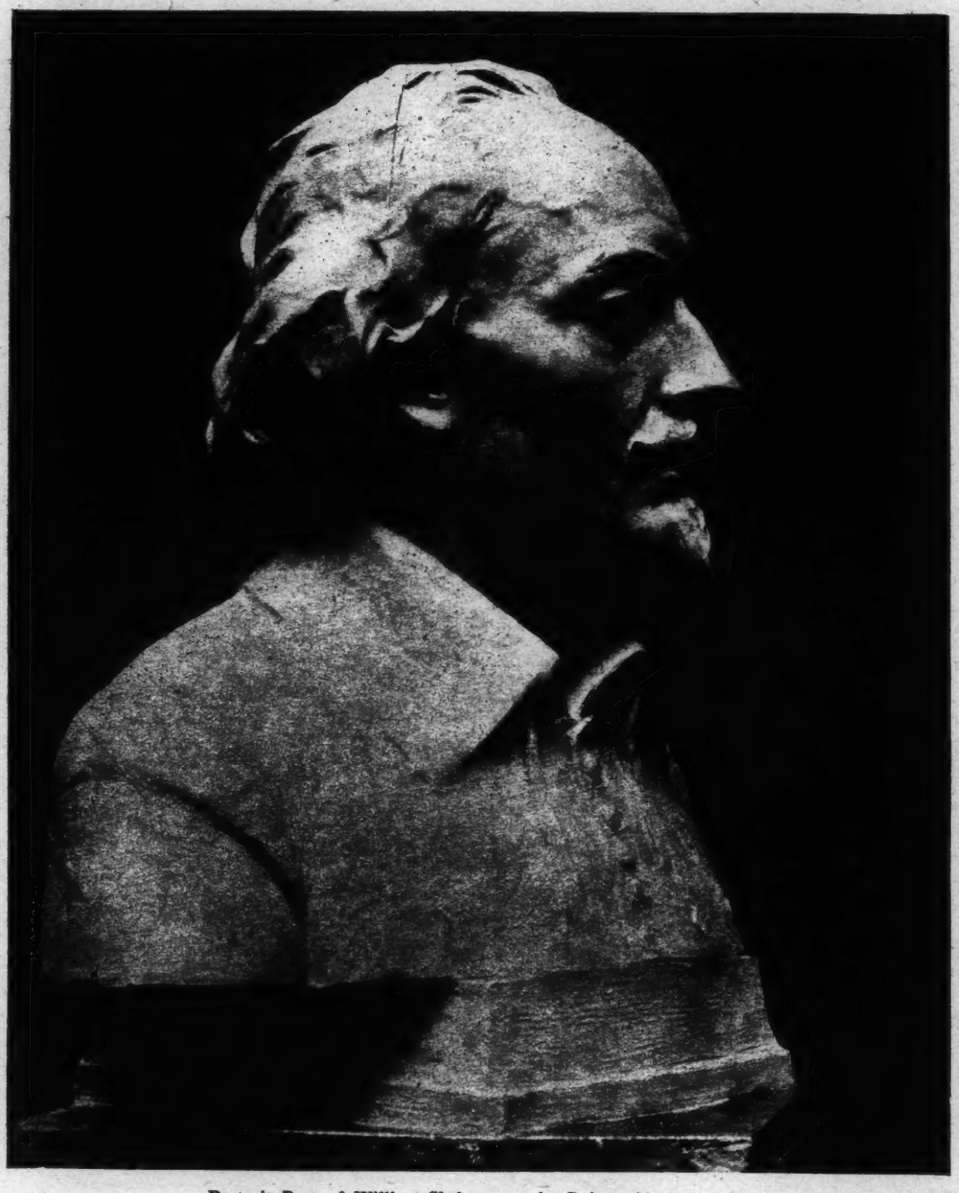
Thus are picked out the two most spectacular figures in the Players' cast of thirty-three speaking characters which will present the "First Part of King Henry IV" at the Knickerbocker Theatre during the week beginning tomorrow and ending June 5. The revival of an approved old play is an annual contribution to New York's dramatic season by the professional members of the club founded by Edwin Booth—the club which looks out over the jealously guarded greenness of Gramercy Park, where children play about the statue of Booth as Hamlet.

But this revival has an unusual interest. The unaccountable interval of total neglect in this country is one element. Another is the new acting version arranged for the occasion—in which Brian Hooker has had a hand. In this version there has been no expurgation whatever of the Elizabethan text in the Purity League's interest. But cuts have been fearlessly made to speed up the action and a whole scene has been taken over from the "Second Part of King Henry IV" in order to exhibit more perfectly Falstaff in his aspect as recruiting officer.

People who know their Shakespeare—even where the stage has neglected him—will recognize this scene as the one in which that roistering blade, Justice Shallow, parades his rustics for inspection by his old schoolfellow, Sir John. They will also remember that, as a recruiting officer, Sir John's language is no more tamed to the delicate ear than the language of Captain Flagg, of Mr. Stalling's hard-bitten marines in "What Price Glory."

Treasons, strategems and spoils, joined battles and bloody executions were the heritage which the third Edward left to England, when young Richard of Bordeaux, the Black Prince's son, succeeded to his grandfather's throne, dangerously compassed about with uncles, like Thomas of Woodstock, Edmund of York and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The story of what happened (mostly as related in Holinshed's Chronicles) provides Shakespeare with the plot which makes successive dramas of the reigns of Richard II, of Henry IV, as Richard's supplanter, and the father of the hero of Agincourt, and of Henry V, whose triumphant progress to the enforced royal marriage which made him the heir of the French throne is the climax of the series. If not all the facts quite agree with the play's version, so much the worse for the facts. To all intents and purposes English history of this period is what Shakespeare made it.

Henry V was unquestionably Shakespeare's favorite hero among the English Kings. But even more than the warrior of Agincourt, the actor-playwright from Stratford loved the wild boy from out old Edward's loins—even if it were by way of proud Gaunt and crafty Bolingbroke—who, for all his royal blood, had the wit to prefer—for a season—the conversation of Falstaff and the unrighteous company that he kept in the tavern of Mistress Quickly in Eastcheap.



Portrait Bust of William Shakespeare, by Robert Aitken, N. A.

Question for Antiquarians

Though Eastcheap confesses itself in its very name a street of petty tradesfolk it had as neighbor, in fact, in 1403 the Prince's own London house, which was a mansion called Cold Harbour, and stood near All-Hallows Church in Upper Thames Street. Low persons infested the region then, and probably still did frequent it in the poet's own time. For the Boar's Head Tavern, where he set up Mistress Quickly so solidly with her plate and her vintages, was not far from the Blackfriars Theatre, and Shakespeare knight—or a young blade—might entertain Doll Tearsheet and her likes. Or were these rooms pure Elizabethan?

However, the antiquarians do say that the original Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap endured till the Great Fire, when it was rebuilt, and in this phoenix-like embodiment lasted till the middle of the eighteenth century. So that Oliver Goldsmith was a visitor. In any case there is old English atmosphere about it of sufficient density for anybody. That atmosphere the players "Henry IV" has undertaken to re-create in the stage presentation of the Boar's Head, with the fat knight "sleeping upon benches after noon," with a skinful of old sack for company and the Prince himself vilely tempted to "desire small beer."

Nor has Charles B. Falls, who has designed the settings, neglected the more aristocratic part of the background. There are also the feudal and Gothic splendors of Westminster and the castles of the House of Percy, with their banners and coats of arms, all—we are told—most authentically and heraldically delineated and tinctured.

Though New York has not seen the play for nearly a third of a century, between 1761 and 1800 seven productions were recorded—the first in the Chappel Street Theatre, where Beekman Street now is, with David Douglas as Falstaff and Lewis Hallam as Hotspur, the young firebrand of the North—deliberately made young by Shakespeare to match the Prince.

While New York was in the hands of the British during the Revolutionary War, "King Henry IV" was twice played here by the companies of amateur actors made up of officers of his Britannic Majesty's forces—companies in which Major André was a leading spirit. The dates are given—April 7, 1778, and Jan. 29, 1780. André might appropriately have played either Hotspur or Prince Hal. Collectors of curious odds and ends of information about the stage have discovered that the first actor of recorded American birth—one John Martin, born in New York, 1768—played in "Henry IV" and enacted the part of Prince Hal's familiar Poins, whom the Prince loved (according to Falstaff) because "their legs are both of a bigness." Another note shows that back in 1764 Prince Hal and Poins were each played by a woman in New York. Mrs. Osbourne was the master and Mrs. Parker the man. That was one hundred and thirty-one years before Julia Marlowe appeared as the Prince.

However, the playing of dashing gallants by young women is not unusual. It is even done in grand opera. What causes more than polite amazement is the fact that Falstaff was once played by a woman. There was a Mrs. Webb who in the latter half of the eighteenth century arrived at Covent Garden with a considerable reputation gained in the provinces of England and Scotland. She was enormously fat and excelled in grotesque parts. For her own benefit at Covent Garden in 1788 she played Falstaff.

The play has not been neglected in England during the last third of a century as it has been here. In their different ways Falstaff and Prince Hal are both national heroes in their native island. Even if two very worthy historical characters—one of them a martyr—have been besmirched in the process of the making of Shakespeare's Sir John, his place in the hearts of his countrymen is secure.

Nevertheless, the reader may be reminded that Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who was put to death as a Lollard or Wickliffite, sat for the portrait, and when good Protestants cried out against the injustice done that worthy and pious man, a substitute was found in another bulky knight, Sir John Fastolf, who fought in France against the army of the Maid of Orléans.

ISOLATED ABYSSINIA KEEPS ITS ANCIENT WAYS OF LIVING

Its Religion Is a Conglomerate of Christian, Moslem and Hebrew Rites, Mingled With Paganism — Byzantine Art Flourishes

By GEORGE SCHULEIN

BULWARKED by mighty mountains which have given it the name of the "Switzerland of Africa" the land of Abyssinia presents a startling contrast to the modes and customs of a twentieth century world. These same mountains have protected it from the raids of foes throughout the centuries, and at the same time have cut off its inhabitants from intercourse with the rest of humanity so that the traveler finds enduring there the original form of Coptic Christianity and the last stronghold of Byzantine art. In religion, in superstitions and legends, and in pictorial effort Abyssinia, the Ethiopia of the ancients, is a field of fascinating study as I found it when the British Colonial Office sent me there for a two-year investigation of its people and their ways.

I attended a great banquet in the palace or gibbi of the Emperor—a huge wood and stone building in a land of mud-walled huts, during the eight-day feast of the Maskal in memory of the cross founded by the Byzantine Empress Helen. At one end of the hall on a huge stage stands the royal throne, brilliant with purple canopies and cushions and surrounded by nobles and priests. The representatives of foreign powers are seated at a table to one side. Then the curtain separating the stage from a vast banquet hall lined with pillars is drawn aside and below are disclosed a mass of 5,000 people, one-fourth of the multitude who will eventually sit down to the tables in divisions. Against the pillars harpists are leaning, running their fingers lazily over the strings of their instruments, their voices sounding in hero-songs that have been handed down for generations. There is one flashing glimpse of life as it is lived in far-off Abyssinia where ages have passed, making little change.

Fred Ho, the Abyssinian Court Painter, Depicts an Imperial Banquet.

The Court Painter's Art

At such a banquet I met Fred Ho, the court painter of ancient Abyssinia and the only artist in the country. His practice had been handed down to him by his ancestors. While the vast world outside teemed with new technique and modes of expression the only style of art which he knew—or that Abyssinia knew—was that of the Byzantine period. In Abyssinia they paint their heroes in a rosy flesh color and in full face only; the outsider, or heathen, as he is regarded, is presented invariably in profile and in either black or blue. On one leg in a painting stands Abuna Tagia Heimanot, the saint, who, legend says, prayed four years in that position for the relief of the land from oppressors. Abah, another saint, rides upon a lion. Leopards and lions lick the feet of Abuna Gabriel Manfas Kedus who came out of Egypt, and on the Mountain of Sugala found the hot healing springs that give new life to cripples.

Adam and Eve are known in Abyssinian art; the serpent wears a devil's head and is driven from Paradise by the archangel Gabriel. The Virgin and Child and the Trinity are also represented as the Coptic Christians viewed them. But religion in Abyssinia is a hopeless chaos—the ancient Christian creed has been almost smothered beneath a mass of Jewish, Mohammedan and pagan rituals. The splendid culture of the East, which once stood out with clear and shining strength, is borne down and overwhelmed by the miscellaneous graftings of native customs and superstitious beliefs.

Abyssinia is a land where the Galitsha, the old witch woman, staggers down the road clothed in a glaring yellow leopard skin and is bowed down to by all. Her face is hatchet-shaped and gnarled with the lines of untold years; her body is a bag of skin and bones. On wrists and ankles jingle a multitude of tiny bells to announce her coming. She works with the devil, it is said. She lives no one knows where and whence she came no one knows. But she does a steady trade, year in and year out, in exorcising devils from the bodies of patients and in curing persons suffering from the Evil Eye, which is epidemic in Abyssinia.

A strange, chaotic country is Abyssinia. Through the assistance of a leper I was enabled to view the rights of sacrifice to the household goddess Atete-i-eh, to be caught at which means destruction for an outsider. The trail led one sunny morning to a glade in the mountains where in a weed-garden I found my man—once a young officer in the German army but now a bearded, hollow-cheeked and bandaged leper. Tears rolled down his face as I spoke to him in his native language; it was the first time in thirty-three years that he had heard it. In his thatched hut we sat and talked for hours while the open cooking fire glowed and in the end, knowing my quest, he gave me a guide.

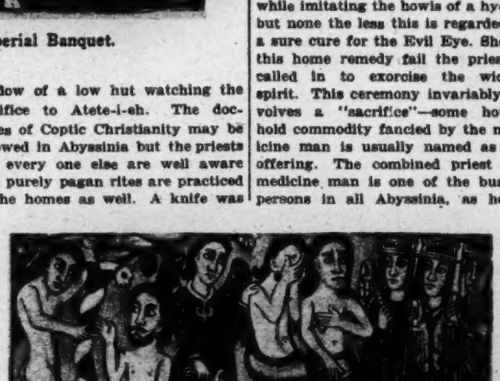
Many nights later in the dark moon I was peering through the window of a low hut watching the sacrifice to Atete-i-eh. The doctrines of Coptic Christianity may be followed in Abyssinia but the priests and every one else are well aware that purely pagan rites are practiced in the homes as well. A knife was drawn across the throat of a bleating goat and the woman of the house bathed her feet in its blood. A fowl was slain also before the flaming fire and there were other details of worship too unpleasant to report. But the Evil Eye, it was hoped, had been propitiated by living sacrifice and peace and plenty would dwell within the walls of the house.

The Trinity, an Abyssinian Conception.

A Byzantine Madonna and Child, by Fred Ho.

Even the homely bread-basket has a legend attached to it in this domain of superstition. The knob on the top of the lid is hollow and when filled with tiny pellets of bread is believed to prevent the basket from ever being empty. When travelers pause by the roadside to eat they partake of their meal with the "shama" or cloak thrown over the head in order to protect them from the Evil Eye, whose machinations are constantly being warded off from the hour of birth to death. Bible texts are inscribed on rolls of parchment within amulets that are hung about the neck of each newborn child. Every ill of the flesh that accompanies man on his course through life is attributed to the "Buddha-Belle-in" or Eye of Evil.

It may not be pleasant to inhale the fumes from a pan of hot ashes mixed with the skin of a hyena, while imitating the howls of a hyena, but none the less this is regarded as a sure cure for the Evil Eye. Should this home remedy fail the priest is called in to exorcise the wicked spirit. This ceremony invariably involves a "sacrifice"—some household commodity fancied by the medicine man is usually named as the offering. The combined priest and medicine man is one of the busiest persons in all Abyssinia, as he is called upon daily by some one of his flock to protect them from evil influence. When a member of a household is ill a hen is slain and, after being whirled three times around the head, it is thrown over the shoulder in front of the dwelling where the sufferer lies. Back of this rite is the comradely belief that the illness will immediately be transferred to the first passer-by.



Adam and Eve in Abyssinian Art.

Other Superstitions

The historic witch superstition finds its Abyssinian counterpart in the fear with which the blacksmith is regarded. After nightfall, the tradition runs, the blacksmith flies out through his chimney, takes the shape of a hyena and goes howling through the fields—a twisted version of the ancient European "werewolf" myth, or vice versa. The Abyssinians will never kill a hyena, fearing that in its prowlings it may have eaten a human body the spirit of which has become a part of it. The superstition of the smith is extremely common among primitive peoples, possibly because of his mastery over fire, which is always regarded as a supernatural element. At all events no Abyssinian of standing will permit his daughter to marry a smith.

As in all primitive countries the medicine men are prone to take advantage of the credulity of the people. A thief-catching test in Abyssinia, staged by a medicine man or priest, presents a strange and colorful ceremony. The lewasher, or thief-catcher, is a nine or ten-year-old boy whose head has been shaved and then rubbed with some mysterious ointment which renders him insensible. At the scene of the crime all those suspected of connection with it are gathered and all begin to shout out their innocence at once. If the lewasher, who is now in a trance-like state, discovers a liar in the throng he touches him and the thief is discovered. No doubt of the justice of the finding is ever evinced and the culprit is haled off to speedy punishment.

Ritualistic Chaos

Complete ritualistic chaos, as I have already pointed out, marks all Abyssinian religion. The Virgin Mary is adored and at the same time heathen rites are practiced. One tribe in a particularly mountainous district—the Kamans—still observe the five books of Moses, cling to the laws of purgation, keep the Sabbath and celebrate the Day of Atonement. They also worship a goddess and have no churches, conducting their ceremonies on a hilltop. The Abyssinian Hebrews—the Falashas—idolize Sanbat, the goddess of the Sabbath, and make offerings to her.

The sacred dance performed by Abyssinian priests is said to be the same dance as that of David before the Ark of the Covenant. The sistra, or two-forked instrument used by the ancient Egyptians in the worship of Isis, is employed in Abyssinian church music as well. The Abyssinians trace their descent back to Noah through Ham and, according to their famous "History of the Rulers of Ethiopia"—Tarika negast Ethiopia—in the palace library, their kings are descended from Adam. Coptic priests from Alexandria, Egypt, are supposed to have brought Christianity to the land about 345 A. D.

Folklore, myths, legends, rituals of many kinds are mingled not only

(Continued on Page 20)

Sailors on a Departing Ship Bid Farewell to Notre Dame de la Garde, Marseille. By Reginald Marsh.

SAILORS DO PENANCE WITH LITTLE SHIPS

They Bring Votive Offerings in the Form of Models to Their Church High Above the Port of Marseille

By ROBERT M. COATES

MARSEILLE.

SAILORS are a strange race, unlike the ordinary man. Their home is a ship's forecastle, ranging somewhere outside the three-mile limit. Law and order come to the landlubber through the medium of the Bill of Rights, the national Constitution or the Code Municipal; to the sailor, Government is represented, perhaps, by a British captain, a Danish first officer and a Dutch second mate.

Something of this hodge-podge of creeds and customs is in the atmosphere of every great port in the world. The sailors who were last month in Rio are now tramping up the jetty at Genoa, having passed through Cadiz and the Azores on the way. And something of the flavor of those distant harbors has come with them.

But in no port, it seems to me, is this feeling so strong as in Marseille—the great port of the Mediterranean. In the Mediterranean races that have lived apart from each other since the foundations of history are here divided by a bare 200 miles of water.

A Mingling of Nations

Galleys from Africa, chaloupes from the Orient, three-masters from the Continent cross and recross in these narrow waters, beating in and out of ports that, although but a day's journey apart, are ages separated in point of customs, creeds and purposes. The men that handle the vessels preserve, in some degree, the imprint of their ancient tradition. The ports that harbor them must cater to all. And such a mingling of nations and centuries, blent with the current of life of the modern port of Marseille, presents a study of contrasts and atavisms that can be found, perhaps, nowhere else.

The names of the city's streets (always an index of a city's character) are drawn from Spain, from Italy, from the Orient. The Boulevard Gazzino meets the Rue Notre Dame. The Rue de l'Arlequin—typical of the fanciful, delightful names the French often choose for their streets—abuts on the Boulevard d'Endoume, a name resonant with the mystery of Africa.

In the town there is the same heterogeneous atmosphere. On the terrasse of the New York Bar, along the waterfront, you find a plump Frenchman dressed in the latest from Paris drinking a cup of Turkish coffee served by a boy from the Levant, while at the next table an Arab, tall and solemn in burnous and fez, is eating Neapolitan ice cream.

There is a Mohammedan mosque in the quarter of the town named after St. Lambert. The Roman Catholic cathedral, on the other hand, looks down on the section bearing the Arab name of Bassin de Radoub.

After all this, then, one is not surprised to find that the church dedicated to the mariners of the city should perpetuate customs that were part of the cult of Isis when Egypt ruled the world. It is not strange, in this paradoxical city, that modern seamen, following the ancient custom of their forefathers, should commemorate their devotion in a Christian church exactly as did the Romans, twenty centuries ago, in the temples of their pagan faith.

At the peak of a rock, rising 500 feet, abrupt and conical, just south of the port, is the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde. The church is unimposing. It is built in the false Byzantine style of the Renaissance, was constructed in 1864 and has an aspect of newness. To reach its portal one must climb a long, unsheltered ascent of concrete stairs (over 1,600 steps). The flight soars in the sweltering sun of the South against the cliff-like rock. Few visitors pay a call upon Notre Dame de la Garde.

But its position is commanding. At the top of the 150-foot belfry stands a statue of the Virgin, Stella Maris, thirty-three feet high. It is gilded and flashes in the sunlight—visible twenty miles at sea. The modern church is built on the foundations of an older basilica, erected in the year 1214, and that older structure was built out of the débris of a temple dating from the days when Marseille was called Phocaea—a Roman colony, whose galleys helped compose the navy of Alexander the Great. The little church with its shining Virgin has a long and interesting geneaology.

Sailors, dropping down the harbor, look back, as the ancients looked back at Ephesus. They catch the last glimpse of the Virgin's figure and register a prayer that the voyage may be successful. When they come back again you see them—tall, hard-handed, dark-eyed fellows—stamping clumsily in their great boots up the long stairs with a votive offering for the chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde.

The walls of the church are covered with little plaques of marble, each one a succinct reminder of some drama of the sea; of forgotten men and sturdy ships that went through storms and returned to port again. Here are "Pierre Bougin, rescued through the intercession of the Virgin, April 8, 1904," and "Raoul Triand, of the ship Héloise, Nov. 13, 1899." He who could read behind the curt lettering of these many plaques would hold the secret of the sea.

Still more curious and of great interest to the student of religion is the custom of bringing relics of ships—carved bits of driftwood, models of boats newly launched—to place them under the protection of the Virgin. It is a trace of the ancient superstition of mariners, charmingly grafted on the religion of today.

They hang on wires from the chapel vaulting, these little relics, swimming suspended in the dusky ecclesiastical air. They are fastened to the walls and their varnished sides gleam in the light of the candles. They are hung in glass cases between the aisle pillars. They are everywhere, contrasting curiously with the colonnaded architecture of the church.

There are gallant, minutely worked four-masters, with all sails set and every detail of the tackle represented in miniature. The Victoire de Marseille, a well-trimmed barkentine, not ten inches long and a masterpiece of knife-work and rigging, hangs in a side chapel. Near by is a wallowing little ketch, rudely carved from a weatherworn bit of planking—Le Philosophe. Next it is a schooner, Lady May, with two tall masts and a racing jib. Beyond a full-rigged ship, complete to the immaculate sky-sails, as trig and trim and as tiny as she must have looked from the chapel belfry when, far down the horizon, she dropped away on her last voyage.

A Curious Fleet

It is a museum of the marine that is represented here, along the quiet ambulatory of the little church, and if at first the curious fleet seem out of place, hanging on wires in the midst of the Gothic groining of a church, that feeling drops away as one thinks of the hours of painstaking toil here represented and of the thousands of unremembered men who worked through sunny afternoons on the lifting deck, or devoted their off-watches in the tumble of the forecastle that their hopes and fears and prayers might have a fitting embodiment.

Horace, shipwrecked, hung his dripping garments in the temple of the goddess. The figure of Isis, godhead of the Egyptians, descended and brought the galleys of the Pharaohs safe to port. The chapels of these pagan deities were full of ship's models and carved relics, brought by the mariners of the day. The enlightened anthropologist, perhaps, may go further, finding traces of the totem idea and thus discovering links with barbarism.

SCARABS ONCE SERVED AS CALLING CARDS

By BRUCE BRYAN

ONE article the ancient Egyptians made has been discovered in more quantities than any other single type of relic. That is the scarab—a small stone amulet carved in the form of the sacred beetle-god, Kheper. It bears hieroglyphic inscriptions or decorative scrolls and the like on its base.

Generally these scarabs were bored through the centre from end to end, so that they might be strung upon a necklace and worn about the neck, and they ranged in size from about a quarter of an inch to several inches. Scientists have put forth many theories as to the purpose and meaning of these carved figures, some of which are cut in gold and precious or semi-precious stones.

The predominant belief is that they were manufactured for several different uses; some for amulets, charms and talismans inscribed with formulas designed to protect the owner or wearer from harm, and others as signets or seals. On many of the smaller scarabs are engraved mottoes and good wishes like those on our modern greeting cards, but beyond translating the greeting or good wish, antiquarians have not remarked that such scarabs might have been exchanged at certain periods of the year, holidays or anniversaries. In fact, the experts have interested themselves chiefly in the differing forms of the little stone beetles and in finding out to what period or dynasty they belonged.

Scarab Had a Message

By far the larger number of these scarabs are inscribed with personal names and titles, generally of the Pharaohs and nobles and officers of the court. It is possible, therefore, that scarabs were the ancient Egyptian's form of calling card.

These name-scarabs also served as the official seals of the Pharaohs and were set into finger rings as signets.

The mottoes and good wishes were identical with those current at the time and the similarity of the ancient greetings and mottoes to our modern ones is striking. We send out to friends little cards engraved with some such sentiment as "May the sun shine upon you with prosperity in the new year" and "May you have a happy New Year." Compare with the first of these the ancient Egyptian greeting inscribed upon a scarab now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York: "May Ra (the sun) grant you a happy New Year," and with the latter, "May you have a happy New Year," also on a scarab in the same museum.

An olden lover might have sent his sweetheart some such message on a scarab as "I am true of heart." This is the exact rendering of an inscription on a scarab in the collection of Mrs. Hood at Nettleham Hall, Lincoln, England. And that famous old cheer, "Long live the King!" is inscribed, though not literally, on a scarab in the writer's possession.

OPEN ROAD OF VAGABONDS SHORN OF ALLUREMENT

English Followers of Villon, Borrow and Goldsmith Will Be Offered Employment and a Fixed Abode

By R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

IT can scarcely be denied that the incorrigible vagabond for some reason or other exercises a curious fascination for the staid and respectable pillars of society. From Yorkshire, England, comes the news that an experiment is to be made to reclaim the vagabonds from their nomadic lives by means of a house of refuge, good food and temporary help. J. T. Gibbons, who has the enterprise in hand, believes that 80 per cent. of the tramps that infest the countryside in England are genuinely anxious to work, and that they will work if given employment. Possibly so; but in this case these men are vagabonds by accident or hard luck and not by temperament, inclination or even by deliberate choice.

Villon, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Verlaine, Oliver Goldsmith and, above all, George Borrow were such men; and perhaps even Walt Whitman cannot be acquitted of the charge of a strong strain of vagabond blood. Of all these men it may be said that the lines of Robert Service's poem are an apt description:

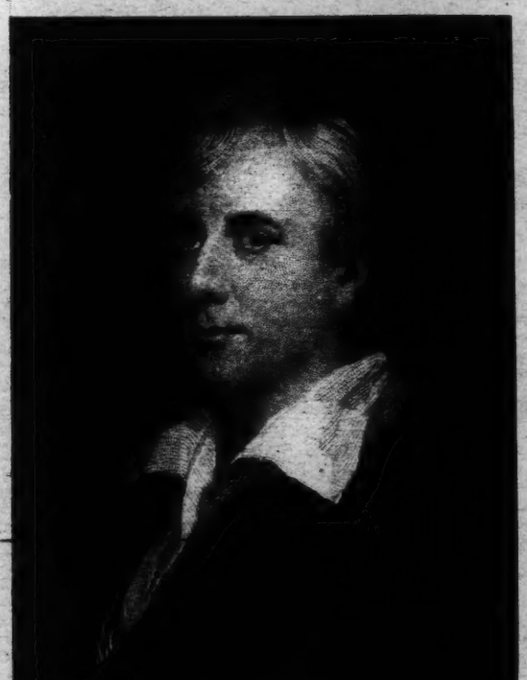
There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain crest,
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

The spell of François Villon is extraordinary considering the obscurity of his life. We know that he was born in Paris in 1431, but do not know his real name or when or where he died. We know that he was a vagabond of the first order, and that after killing his man at the age of about twenty-four, his life was a succession of disorderly incidents interspersed with prison terms. Villon was, indeed, the prototype of our modern hobo-thief. Ragged, but light-fingered, he tramped through France; and the last we hear of him is in 1461, when he was in jail at Méun-sur-Loire. He was liberated in October of that year when Louis XI entered Méun. After that he disappeared.

But the plaintive question that he asks in his famous "Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis" has come down to us all through the long centuries, and is, perhaps, as much quoted today, both in French and in English, as any line of poetry. Where are the beautiful ladies of long ago? he asks. Where are Flora of Rome, Thaïs and Héloise? Where are Queen Blanche and Joan, "the good Lorrainer"? And he answers his own questions with the haunting refrain, "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Francois Villon.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau's early life was frankly that of the typical tramp. Penniless and friendless, he led a nomadic existence, in which sudden changes of religion in order to obtain food and shelter when weary of the road were the chief events. Protestant, then Catholic, then Protestant once more, he applied to the ministers of one religion, then of the other, to be received as a candidate for conversion. During his instruction in his "conversions" he was fed and sheltered. Then he would take to the open road again, reveling in the beauty of nature and laying up material for those descriptions which have so delighted his readers. The one-time tramp became the friend and protégé of princes and countesses and the prey of the lion-hunters of London and Paris; but it is safe to say that as a celebrity, the most talked-of man in Europe, he never again experienced the happiness he felt when, young and obscure, he tramped the open road.



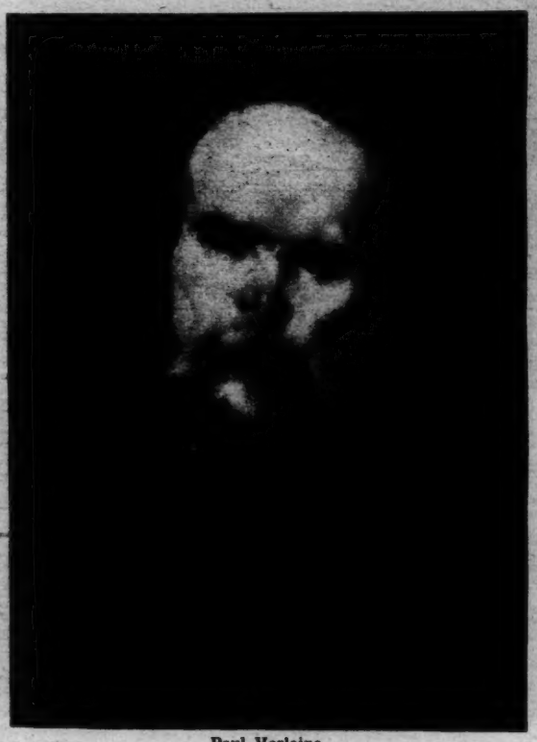
George Borrow.

Painted by H. W. Phillips, Engraved by W. Hall.

Verlaine Never Settled

Verlaine's life story is that of the tramp almost up to the last. Rousseau, as he grew famous, abandoned the open road, but Verlaine never settled anywhere for any length of time until, crippled with arthritis, his ill-health compelled him to stay at home in his Paris garrets. He, too, was acquainted with the inside of a prison. Sentenced in Brussels in 1873 to two years' solitary confinement for an "assault leading to temporary incapacity of the victim"—his sinister friend, the poet Arthur Rimbaud — Verlaine remained in prison in Mons for sixteen months, teaching one of his jailers to read and write and keeping on excellent terms with the Governor and the priest.

After his release, when he was 31 years old, Verlaine resumed his wandering existence. He first stayed in the country with his mother and some relatives, who were thoroughly ashamed of their connection with the poet-jailbird, then rushed off to Germany to see Rimbaud, then went to England to teach French and drawing in the grammar school at Stickney, in Lincolnshire. He remained there for a year and a half, and, strangely enough, this was one of the happiest periods of his troubled existence.



Paul Verlaine.

After the Print by Eugene Carriere.

A few years ago the present writer met a French literary critic who, at that time, was collecting material for a biography of Verlaine. He wrote to the wife of the former headmaster of the school of Stickney asking if she could lend him any letters or photographs of the poet, or give him information about his life while under her roof. The writer saw the lady's answer. She had little to say except what was entirely pleasant. "You see," she wrote, "I had no idea at the time that M. Verlaine was such a great poet."

Neither had she the slightest idea that the French master had led the life of a tramp and had served a prison sentence for wounding.

When Verlaine was 40 he served a second sentence in France, but this time of only one month. A heavy drinking bout in Paris had followed his release from the Belmont prison, then he and his mother bought a farm in the country. Verlaine clinging to the hope that a sane, disciplined life in the country, away from the temptations of Paris, would perhaps save him from the abyss into which he was falling. But the good-for-nothing became the joke of the countryside. As the result of a drunken quarrel with a neighbor he was arrested, and to the joy of the villagers subsequently imprisoned. After his release he returned to Paris.

Verlaine could wander no more on account of his complaint; the open road was now closed forever to his feet. He took a trip to Aix-les-Bains for the cure, the sale of a manuscript to two publishers at the same time having given him command over what was to him a small fortune. But at the hotel at which he sought a room the landlady, eyeing his carpet bag and his filthy muffler, which he admitted was the color of a thirteenth century window, and disliking his general air of disreputability, curtly informed him that she had no vacant room. Verlaine went upstairs to explore for himself. When he came down he found the Commissioner of Police and his assistants waiting for him in the lobby, the landlady having informed them that she had a robber in her hotel. Politely the poet asked the policemen to turn his pockets inside out. The police were satisfied.

In the early '90s he made lecture tours in Holland, Belgium and England and was in all three countries treated with respectful admiration. The money thus earned, together with grants from the French Government, now enabled him to live with a greater degree of comfort. Indeed, he and his companion, a woman named Eugenie Krants, were at last very near to becoming respectable members of society. But it was not for long. Death took Paul Verlaine before there was any opportunity of denying that however he may have died he had certainly lived as a vagabond.

Goldsmith a Tramp

Oliver Goldsmith was actually a tramp for one year of his life and there is little doubt that temperamentally he was one the whole of it.

We do not know whence came poor Goldsmith's "romantic turn." But it led him to the open roads of Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. He traveled with a spare shirt and a flute as his only luggage and with no money in his pockets.

When the poet found himself in Italy, the superior musical understanding of the Italians made them somewhat unappreciative of his efforts with his flute. What had served well enough for peasants in an Irish "pub" or French country-folk ready to dance on the slightest provocation, left the musical Italians quite cold. The vagabond poet was thus forced to support himself by offering to debate with the monks of any monastery he chanced to come across, payment for this peculiar service being computed at a lodging for the night. Hence Johnson's remark: "Sir, Goldsmith disputed his way through Europe."

Well, no doubt tramps are tiresome people and Mr. Gibbons of Yorkshire is performing a praiseworthy service in attempting to reform them. But somehow one cannot help being thankful that Goldsmith did not fall into his hands; for if he had then there would perhaps have been no "Traveller," with those famous lines in which the poet describes his vagabondage:

How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire,

* * * * * *

And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancers' skill—
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

AUSTRALIA BUILDS A CAPITAL IN THE BUSH

Officeholders Are Loath to Leave the Comforts of Melbourne for the Bungalows of Canberra

As It Was—The Site for the Canberra Parliament House Before the Builders Came.

LONDON.

AUSTRALIA is creating a capital city in the bush, following the example set by the United States in the early days of the Republic when Washington was built on the banks of the Potomac. Next year's session of the Commonwealth Parliament will meet in Canberra, and Australia has invited one of England's princes to perform the opening ceremony. It is believed that the King will send his second son, the Duke of York.

Nothing has been done to the Capitol building since the Prince of Wales laid its cornerstone six years ago, but the Parliament building is already up and work is beginning on its interior fittings. Temporary hostels to accommodate Government employes are also being hurriedly erected, so, although Canberra will not be finished for years to come, there is expected to be sufficient housing ready for next year's opening.

Withal, it is a bleak prospect for the Australian bureaucracy. Canberra's streets are ordinary bush roads, inches deep in red dust, and there is no prospect of any improvement in them until the heavy traffic of the builders is ended and pavements may be laid without the risk of being speedily chewed into ruts. Melbourne's population is about 750,000. Canberra, at whose mere mention Government employes in Melbourne break into loud wails, has at present a population of about 3,000.

Moving day next year is expected to find 111 members of the Australian Parliament looking for bungalows in the new bush capital. Comfortable but plain bungalows are being put up for the Governor General, the Prime Minister, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, but the ordinary M. P. will have to supply his own house. More than 3,000 Government employes will share the delights of house-hunting with the M. P.'s. The Prime Minister's Secretariat, the Treasury Department, the Attorney General's office, the Home and Territorial Ministries, the Customs, Health and Public Works Departments and the General Postoffice are all to join in the general exodus to Canberra.

Only such minor branches of the Government as the meteorological and statistical offices are to remain behind at their comfortable moorings in Melbourne for the present. With another 1,000 added for police, health inspectors and school teachers, and possibly 2,000 for tradesmen and various camp followers, about 6,000 Australians are expected to move out of Melbourne into the wilderness next year. It is expected Canberra's population will have jumped to 10,000 when moving day is ended.

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No capital anywhere has been planned with more care than Canberra. Its plans were drawn by Walter Burley Griffin of Chicago and were based on Washington, but mistakes made in the development of Washington have been avoided both by Mr. Griffin and by the Commonwealth Government. Some day it may be the finest capital city in the world, and the participants in next year's trek will be regarded as the heroes of a pioneer day. But pioneering is in itself a bleak business. Canberra will still be overrun with carpenters and plasterers next year.

A Cooperative Store

There will be a single cooperative store instead of the big shops at which the wives and daughters of Australia's bureaucracy have been accustomed to do their shopping in Melbourne. And there will be soft drinks instead of the beers, wines and spirits that have constituted one of the amenities of Melbourne. For Canberra is bone dry. Possibly this explains in part the rush to Queanbeyan, which lies just across the Federal territory border in the State of New South Wales.

A real estate boom is under way both at Queanbeyan and along the outer edge of the Federal territory on Jervis Bay.

All land in the Australian Federal territory is to be perpetually government-owned. Ninety-nine-year leaseholds are sold, the ground rents to be reappraised at the end of twenty years and thereafter at the end of each ten years. Its ground rents are ultimately expected to give the Commonwealth a return on the huge investment it is now making in the erection of Government buildings on an empty site. Outside the Federal line, however, freeholds are being sold and land is already mounting in value. Hence the rush to get in on the ground floor.

Canberra's site is a beautiful one, a plateau 2,000 feet high rimmed with hills some of which reach altitudes of 6,000 feet. It lies 429 miles from Melbourne, 204 miles from Sydney and 912 miles from Brisbane, far enough to remove it from the quarrels of the older cities which have been the bane of the temporary capital. Twelve square miles have been set aside for the capital itself in the northern part of the Federal territory, an area of 900 square miles along the Murrumbidgee River, with an annex on the coast at Jervis Bay, 120 miles away.

Eventually there is to be direct railroad connection between Canberra and Jervis Bay, along which 60,000 square miles of the richest part of New South Wales is to be drained. It is to be a Federal railway and there are possibilities of a great Federal port on the shores of Jervis Bay. Its construction will not be welcomed by Sydney, but Jervis Bay is said to be among the finest and largest deep-water harbors in the world and, once the Federal railway is built, Sydney will probably have to watch Jervis Bay's growth with as much grace as it can command. Already Australia's West Point and Annapolis have been established in the Federal territory, the royal Australian military college at Canberra and the royal Australian naval college at Jervis Bay.

Although it was interrupted by the war, work on Canberra first began in 1909. The question of trees and plants has had to receive much attention. A Government nursery has tested out the hardihood of trees and has eliminated those that failed to thrive. There have been tests of wind, climate and soil to determine, not only the nature of the plants to be used but the positions of houses and the directions in which they were to face. Much afforestation has had to be done in the surrounding country. Five hundred and thirty thousand trees have been set out on Mount Stromlo alone.

The Molonglo and Cotter Rivers have had to be dammed and a water supply sufficient for a city of 2,000,000 people and for the largest power house in Australia has been obtained. There is to be no gas in Canberra. Electricity only is to be used for lighting. Heating is a problem which has not yet been satisfactorily solved. Coal at Canberra costs $12.50 a ton, or more than it costs in Melbourne, and wood is difficult to get at any price. It is probably true that for the present, at least, the cost of living in Canberra will be higher than in Melbourne.

As soon as the workmen were accommodated larger buildings were erected for hotel purposes, and the Canberra Hotel is now as fine a hotel as there is in the Southern Hemisphere. The Ainslee Hotel is also finished and will be used as a residential hotel for the civil service. The Kurrajong Hotel is almost completed, but is being adapted for use as Government offices and will not be available for hotel purposes until the permanent administrative building is completed, in 1930. The Acton Hotel is accordingly being rushed to completion to take its place for the present. One administrative building is already done and has been used to house the skeleton staffs that the Government has maintained for some time at Canberra. Three large boarding hotels are in course of construction and it is hoped to have a fourth completed before the first arrivals from Melbourne appear.

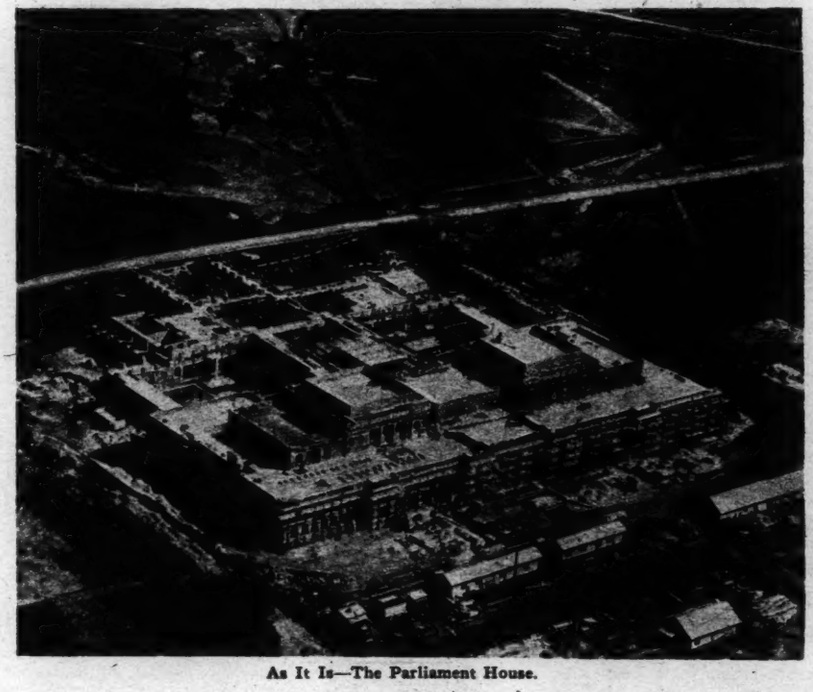
The housing problem, nevertheless, remains the principal problem at Canberra. Contractors are running up five, six and seven room houses and bids are being asked for the erection of 500 moderate-sized houses to be finished within a year from the date of the contract. A kiln is being erected to make brick and tile for the contractors, and another new plant will turn out concrete blocks. Six and seven room houses are to be sold at from $9,000 to $10,000 and the Federal territory commissioners have arranged terms under which 10 per cent. of the purchase price is payable down, the remainder to be spread over a maximum of thirty years and to bear 6 per cent. interest. Many of the houses, even workmen's cottages, will have tennis courts attached to them. Effort is being made to afford ample means of recreation.

A School System

One public school is ready and another has been commenced. The New South Wales Education Department is to provide the teachers for the present and the Federal Commission is to pay for them. There is talk of starting a domestic economy school and a technical school this Summer. A Federal university is also a part of the Canberra scheme, but that, like so much of Canberra, lies very far in the future.

When Canberra is finally completed the Capitol Building is to crown its highest point and boulevards lined with deodars and plane trees are to radiate from it. Three large artificial pools are to afford boating facilities in the centre of the city and their banks are to be lined with green lawns. Gardens, parks and public buildings are to become the harmonious parts of a truly magnificent scheme. But the completion of all that lies far ahead. When the Federal Parliament, attended by its thousands of wailing exiles from Melbourne, arrives next year to meet for the first time in the new capital, its session will be opened amid the smell of wet plaster and its debates will be conducted to a rat-tat-tat of carpenters' hammers.

C. P.



As It Is—The Parliament House.

SIMPLE ART FOR THE AMERICAN HOME

French Country Furniture Has a Charm of Its Own—Old Candle Sconces Are Popular Again

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

INTEREST in the more unsophisticated designs of furniture is not confined today to the maple and pine furniture of Colonial farmhouses. Furnishings of the simple homes of other lands and times come in for their share of attention. In the chairs and tables and wardrobes of the country districts of France many persons are discovering a simple charm and quaintness that are absent from the more highly ornate styles made famous by the French court.

This interesting rural furniture was known a little while ago only to those who, loitering in the French countryside, brought home a chair or chest and gloried in their artistic insight. Today these bits of simple cabinetwork are being sought by discerning home makers for the adornment of living room, dining room and bedchamber. Perhaps you have heard of French country furniture also as provincial furniture, peasant or rustic furniture, or by the names of the districts whence it comes, such as Provence or Normandy or Brittany.

Origin of the Furniture

French country furniture is distinguished from the examples of the great furniture periods that received their names from the French rulers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries either by a decided simplification of ornament and line or by a local design.

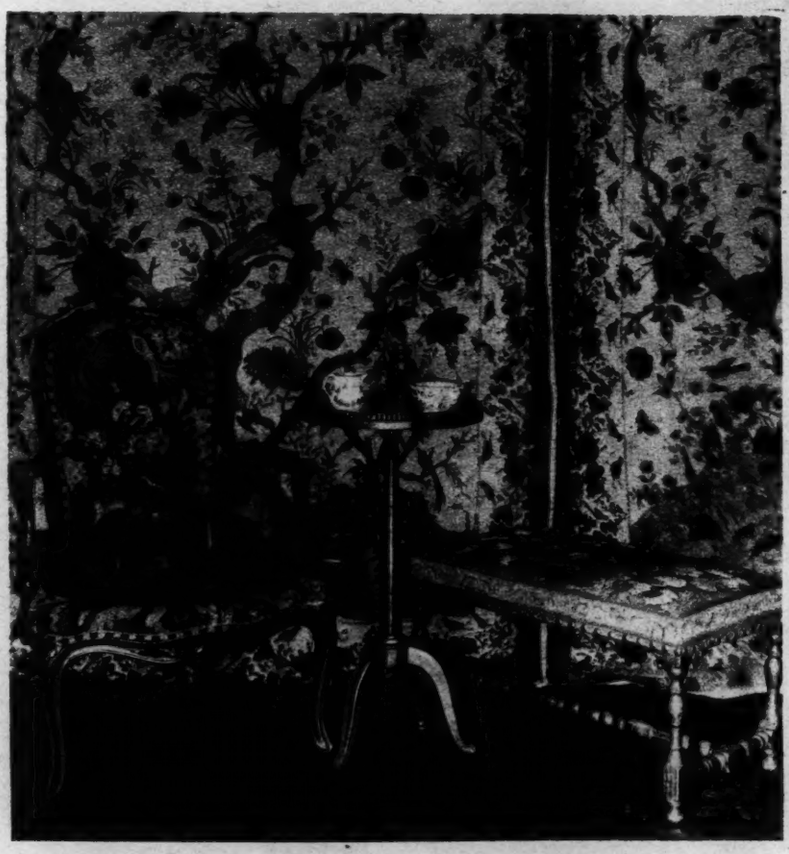
The differences in the first type were dictated by the simple tastes and purses of those who depended upon local cabinetmakers to supply their furniture needs. The wealthy landowner of modest means and the merchant could not go to Paris for their chairs and tables; yet the fashion of the times would be reflected on a modest scale in their household furnishings.

Others desiring new pieces for the home might be more independent of Parisian dictates and have their furniture constructed according to some local style. This was doubtless true of the wealthier peasants, who would be more attached to the ways of their ancestral countryside than would dwellers in the towns. In districts such as Provence the furniture patterns followed generally by the bourgeois and the peasants show little of the influence of the great periods of decoration we know as French.

Many of the chairs and sofas that follow in a simple manner the periods of Louis XV, Louis XVI or Directoire are found today, their once beautifully finished wood surfaces covered with paint—silent witness to an owner's effort to change the appearance of his furniture with the fashion. One may remove this color and have the furniture once more in its beauty of walnut, cherry, peach, pear or apple wood; or one may leave the piece just as it is and enjoy its ancient picturesqueness.

Unpainted chairs of distinctly local design are found in many charming patterns. Some have simple wooden backs with perhaps a plaque of pierced carving set between the splats. Sometimes such plaques are painted with little scenes; or perhaps the top rail of the chair carries an almost primitively carved design or stars deeply cut and interspersed with conventionalized tree forms carved in bas-relief. Rush seats are also common, and sometimes are incongruously found on a chair whose Parisian lines suggest that a silk upholstered seat might once have adorned it.

Out of this wide variety of forms, the American householder of today has a choice ranging from a primitive effect for a dining room of simple chairs of some delicate toned fruit-wood to a much more elaborate bedroom ensemble, naïvely reminiscent, in line and gilt and color, of a Parisian home. Old stuffs, such as the hand-blocked glazed chintzes of the period, may be found to supplant the tattered ancient fabrics on chair, sofa or chaise longue. Or perhaps one of the quilted petticoats of brightly printed cotton from Normandy or Brittany may be used with beautiful effect.



French Country Furniture in Walnut and Peachwood.

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IN the present vogue for bright colors, awnings for windows and porches are playing an important part. Their possibilities are today making them almost an architectural accessory. Interest in awnings is shown this season by the introduction of fabrics carrying a colorful formal design and in the increased brilliancy of color in the fabrics of plain color or the more usual striped patterns. The designer has also given the metal support considerable study. One may now obtain a graceful rod, its form suggestive of old Spanish metal work.

Apparently the impulse for bright hues in awnings has come primarily from California, where brilliant sunlight and stucco walls demand high colors. Climate has its effect on the arts, and the same forces that called forth the use of bright hues in the awnings of Spain and Morocco a thousand years ago are at work here in America in the twentieth century. Summer homes by sunny seashores, whether in Florida or on Long Island, have carried the California fashion eastward, and now bright awnings are to be seen throughout the United States.

Era of the Striped Fabric

It was not long ago that plain brown and green fabrics with a simple white line border were most commonly used. After that came the era of the striped fabric, with its suggestion of the colored canvas of the Italian gondola, or of an awning in an old Spanish courtyard, or the tent of an Arab chieftain. But then we were a little timid about the use of the original brilliant color and contented ourselves generally with sedate blues and whites or perhaps a more daring red and buff.

Today we have gone back frankly to the gorgeous colors of Iberia and the East; have, in fact, gone them one better. Where in Bagdad would one find such a fine bit of color as this striped design in pastel shades of lavender and green, or this in tangerine, yellow, terra cotta and black? Extraordinary contrasts of color are not vivid enough today, so that to many combinations a stripe of black, cleverly placed, is added to heighten the effect of the colors. Awnings of a solid color employ the more intense hues, such as vermilion and pastel yellow.

But the most unusual and most daring effect has been the introduction of an awning fabric with a colored design painted upon it. This comes in a number of combinations of colors, from a delicate pastel effect to a gorgeous blaze of hues. Not every house will stand this type of awning decoration, but where it is suitable the effect lends distinction and a pleasing Summertime touch.

This question of suitability is most important in the selection of awnings. Where a house has ample grounds, broad stripes may well be used. With a limited approach to the dwelling, narrower patterns are preferable. Likewise the character of the exterior must be considered. If it be a painted house, the colors of the awnings are limited to those that harmonize with the predominant color. Stucco surfaces allow the greatest latitude. Because of their light hue they permit the use of brilliant combinations.

For the benefit of the city dweller, and especially if he is obliged to remain in town when the rest of the world is at the seashore or in the country, apartment house window and entrance awnings might well be gayly colored. Why should not they, if wistfully, suggest the beach and the Summer home?

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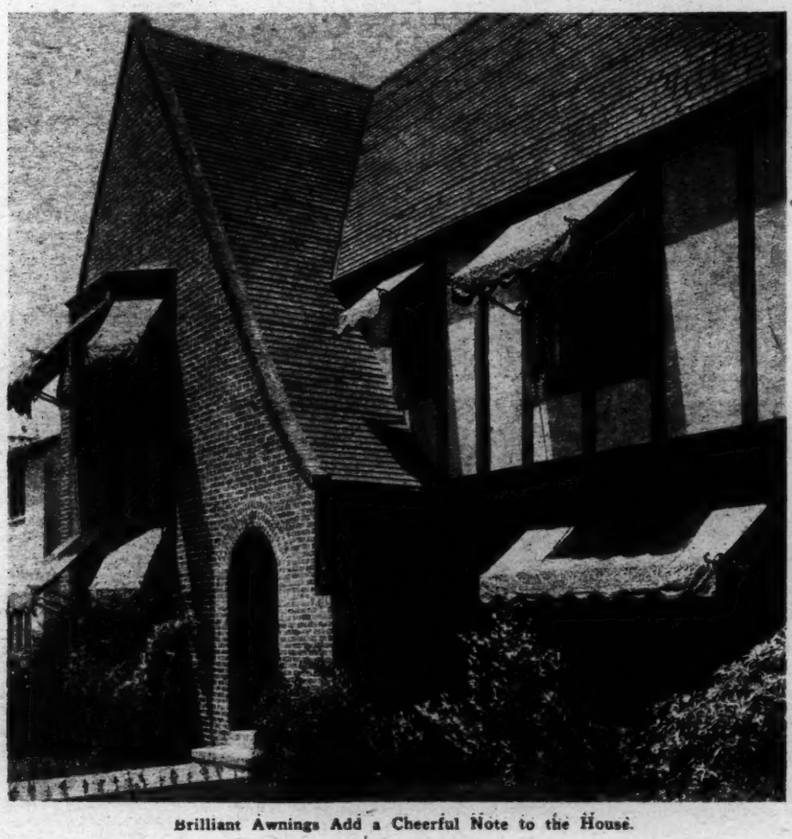
WITH the development in recent years of modern ideas in room lighting, wall-lights have increased in importance, from the point of view both of use and of decoration. Driven into oblivion about a hundred years ago because the old-time candle sconces were not adapted to the use of gas, wall-lights were later restored by the introduction of electricity. Today it may well be said that they are of as much decorative significance as they were in

(Continued on Page 28)



Brilliant Awnings Add a Cheerful Note to the House.

Mott Studios Photo.

SUMMER ART EXHIBITS ARE ALREADY HERE

Du Bois Among Some Old Friends, and Two Basque Zubiaurro Brothers Are in a Seasonal Review

Statue of George Washington, Executed for Dr. Henry Waldo Coe, by Pompeo Coppini, to Be Exhibited at the Sesquicentennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

A FEW art galleries have already put on their Summer exhibitions. That of the Kraushaar Galleries includes two pictures by Guy Pené du Bois quite unlike his earlier work and certainly unlike the work of any other artist. In his ironic small canvases, throwing into brilliant relief the more salient and public figures of our social fabric, Mr. du Bois has provided his public with an extremely sophisticated and entertaining series of marionettes—not the simple galvanic little crew of Italy and France, but such interesting puppets as were used before the war to interpret Schnitzler's plays, amazingly real but given the element of style by their essential unreality. One cannot quite believe the traveler getting into or out of the railway carriage in France or the unpleasant fat gentleman at a party, the girl and boy in the hallway of the Italian restaurant, the first-nighter, the art lovers. But one believes the clever art that segregates these figures does quite away with the detail of environment, lets them move with hardly a suggestion of the wires across an almost empty stage, and tells you that in a camera obscura you are seeing life as puppets present it. The concentration and rigidity in combination make the style.

A Compressed Firmness

From this by no means trivial accomplishment Mr. du Bois has risen to a much more imposing form. What first strikes the eye in his newer work is its bigness, and this transition from a small to a large scale is about the most dangerous transit an artist could make. What perils of inflation and vacuity menace him! He has avoided these successfully. There are more firmness and more compressed character in his big, new figures than one could find in any of the little ones.

At the Kraushaar Galleries his statuesque young woman in an evening dress that is no airy envelope for her solid flesh, but clings so closely as to seem merely an outer skin, rises from the opera box like the goddess of the third dimension. The head, small under its clipped hair, is poised disdainfully upon a large firm neck. She is long and thick and young and blond. The kind of beauty that she has—almost Grecian if it were in a friendlier mold—belongs to the present moment, although the art disclosing it is not so limited. Impeccable loyalty to the contemporaneous is the rock upon which the artist builds his house. One recalls Mlle. Rivière at the Louvre and the easy certainty with which she proclaims herself as typical of her time. The fashion of Mlle. Rivière's time was to give right of way to intelligence and amiability in the play of expression over young features. Today it is a kind of gallant courage and resistance to all soft influences, an icy indifference that makes for high romance. One expects the young heroic creature in the Kraushaar exhibition, with her enormous shoulders and long limbs, to leave the opera box in time to change her uniform and hop off to the North Pole to see for herself. In doing this she would be as modish as Mlle. Rivière.

Mr. du Bois's other picture is a young woman at a piano, turning away from the keys toward the spectator with a wise and secret smile, a more mature evocation of the period. The bouquet of this modernity was never achieved without experience and humor. The color is strong and vital, beautiful color. A red blouse opening on white ruffles, a dull bluish skirt, the violet shadow of the piano, a white page of music. The light sweeps across the page and down the long lines of the figure, enfolding it in an almost unbroken curve. Not until it reaches the fingers half hidden in the folds of the skirt does it lose its force.

Evidence of Self-Discipline

These are both paintings to add a hard, athletic virtue to any exhibition. They show the result of a long period of self-discipline in an age when to submit to any discipline at all is not among the requirements.

Other pictures in the exhibition for the most part are old friends. Sloan's "Backyards: Greenwich Village" cannot be seen too often. The beauty of the color, muted reds and yellows, the green of window shutters, the lovely gray of snow on city roofs and the blackness of a prowling cat, are hardly to be resisted. It is indicative of a growing taste for strident palettes that Sloan's color receives little attention. He is supposed to be an illustrator, therefore not a painter.

Berthe Morisot's color has far less depth and variety, yet the greens of her delightful garden scene are so ingratiating that she seems in this picture a true colorist. The vagueness and freshness of the little work are singularly soothing after all our insistence upon form. We seem to be taking a lettuce cure after a long orgy of proteins. A Glackens beach picture is in the exhibition and one of seagulls by Gifford Beal. The portrait of three whalers at New Bedford by Reynolds Beal is notable for its mellow tone and sagacious arrangement. The whalers—"Alice Knowles," "Platina" and "Mystic"—congregate under a sky of sweet and misty blue in a clean, firm composition. New Bedford, it would seem, is first cousin to Honfleur, but the relationship is most agreeably affirmed.

The Summer exhibition at the Dudensing Gallery reviews the season and reminds the visitor of the type of artist attracted to this gallery.

"Woman at Piano," by Guy Pene Du Bois.
In Exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries.

The Basque brothers, Ramon and Valentin Zubiaurro, no longer astonish the public. Their work has gone pretty well over the exhibition ground and the fierce color and aristocratic forms have become sufficiently familiar to make it possible to see the pictures. The impression still holds that Valentin is the artist, Ramon the decorator and illustrator. Observe Valentin's portrait of Jose-Mari, tired eyes, sensitive mouth of the aged, a black hat and brown coat so closely related in value to the Spanish gray of the background as to seem hardly a change in color. The white shirt comes into the scheme, not brutally or with scimitar sharpness as a less distinguished colorist would have made it, but with a smooth movement like that of a white sail under the shadow of a cloud. The whole picture is a triumph of discrimination. "The Golden Wedding" is more in the fashion of a locality and race, but here also the faces wear an aspect of nobility. They show none of the silly pride in years that plays into many a wrinkled physiognomy. They have neither weakened nor hardened with age. Their lines are delicately cut. The golden clouds heaped up in the sky behind the old couple are perhaps a sacrifice to sentiment, but the symbol is sustained with a bold gesture.

Unique Basque Profiles

With Ramon's "An Old Basque Sailor" and "Young Basque Fisher Folk" we become promptly aware of the unique character of the Basque profile, which, like the language, resembles no other in the world. Weather and sea winds have beaten upon the sailors and fishermen, and the vivid color of their clothing seems to bellow through the noise of surf. To hang such pictures in the clubhouses of our sophisticated sportsmen would provide material for interesting comparisons.

John Alger's "Railroad Station" burns brightly in one corner of the main gallery, the intense red of the station building warming the green and brown of its environment and distracting attention from the ugly head of a locomotive thrust forward in the middle distance. A compact and competent little picture. Joseph Pollet, William J. Potter and Victor Charreton are also in the group.

In the outer gallery are watercolors by John Kellogg Woodruff, gay and positive in color, not quite free in movement. A few studies by Mary Rogers are in the same room with them and are perhaps too ex-

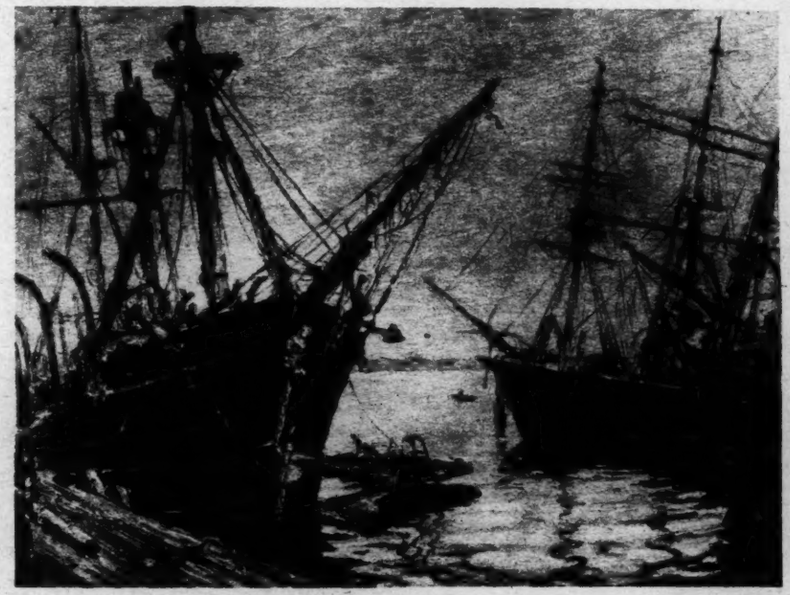
Etching by Luigi Lucione.
In Exhibition of Work of Pupils in National Academy Schools.

acting comrades. Mary Rogers slipped her pigment into place with a magic of careless precision that few can hope to emulate. Nothing of labor and nothing of constraint. Where Mr. Woodruff sees falling water as a handful of streaming ribbons tempting the hand to gather them together and toss them back in fresh arrangement, Mary Rogers would have seen it as a fluid element escaping all attempts to grasp it, elusive, yielding, flouting. Mr. Woodruff is more successful in his mountain scenes, where he is dealing with solid substance.

Originality Encouraged

The roomful of students' work at the Fine Arts Building shows that the instructors at the National Academy of Design schools are leaving their pupils free to follow their own inclinations. As most of them are young pupils they naturally in many a case reject this freedom, but the range of individuality is nevertheless considerable. In the work of Humbert R. Romano, the student who received the traveling scholarship, the noticeable inflexibility of outline is balanced by a fine feeling for the play of all the parts of the human figure into an organic whole. Romano's life studies show the kind of imagination that needs no support from accessories. In etching there is too much dependence upon shadow and light and the line disintegrates. On the whole, however, the award is well justified, the general tendency of the work showing not only the student's ability, but his need of seeing the best of the past and present under new conditions in unfamiliar environment. A year or more of seeing is a priceless gift to bestow at just his stage of development.

R. H. Johnson's swing of line and feeling for the quality of flesh are unusual in even so advanced a beginner. Gerald Foster's field is portraiture in oil. His broad and simple treatment of a man's head in the exhibition, the glance direct, the character underlined without excessive eloquence, would put to shame many a canvas in which some unfortunate sitter has been embalmed for a price. An etching of a man in a soft hat seated in front of a wall covered with placards is signed "Murphy." It is remarkable for the delicacy of discrimination between the background and the foreground figure. Andre Hudiakoff hardly can be called original in his "Russian Fair," but the sketch has the zest for conventionalization that gives a flavor of originality to even a thrice-told tale. Luigi Lucione, doing a laughing man with a sagging lip and tossing hair, is freest of any among the etchers. The compositions are less cheery, showing more of fancy than invention. It is not, however, possible to tell just where the line of division comes in between these two essentially unlike qualities until the mind is trained to self-expression.



"The Whalers: Alice Knowles, Platina and Mystic at New Bedford," by Reynolds Beal.
In Exhibition at Kraushaar Galleries.

The Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego reports the gift by an anonymous well-wisher of eleven pictures from its inaugural exhibition. These are "The Garden of the Tuileries," by Albert André; a landscape by Corot painted in 1872; Courbet's "Silent Pool," a decorative composition by Nattier, an altar piece by Gaspard de Craeyer, a picture by Nicolas Maes of a little girl and a little dog seated by a fountain, an El Greco, a portrait by Zuloaga, Ramon de Zubiaurre's "The Sailors of Ondarroa" and two American pictures, "Color of Arabia," by Douglas Arthur Teed, and "Italian Procession, New York City," by John Sloan. This group will remain in the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego and forms a nucleus for the permanent collection in which interest is steadily growing.

"Girl and Dog," by Berthe Morisot.
In Summer Exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries.

Art Building for Baltimore

Baltimore is to have a new building for its Museum of Art to be built from a million-dollar fund provided by popular vote at the 1924 election, when an ordinance was passed with a safe majority in every ward of the city. The site of six acres in the most beautiful residential section of Baltimore was presented by Johns Hopkins University.

The Municipal Art Commission has just selected as architect of the Museum of Art Howard Sill, one of the best-known architects in Baltimore and an authority on Colonial architecture and furnishings. With him will be associated John Russell Pope of New York, who is the architect of several buildings of the Johns Hopkins University group. The new museum is to be conducted along lines generally similar to the policy of the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

The splendid activities of Joseph Pennell in teaching graphic arts have found a memorial as fitting as it is touching in the establishing by his pupils of "The Pennell Society of Graphic Arts." Although the recognition of the new society in these pages has been unavoidably delayed, it is not too late to record the announcement in the dignified form given it by the small group who have felt the inspiration of an extraordinary talent for imparting not only knowledge but the desire for knowledge.

The founders of the new society, the announcement reads, "consist of a number of pupils of the late master, who was the greatest teacher of graphic arts in this country. He aspired to make his classes at the Art Students' League, New York, where he taught from October, 1922, until his death, the nucleus of a Graphic Arts School in America. He was inspired by schools in Europe, where the students are taught to execute every step of their work without intervention of a middleman from its first inception until its final print or publication in magazines or books. The lithographers grind their own stones and make their own prints, as do the etchers and woodcutters. Only the highest standards of craftsmanship prevail.

"All those who have followed the progress of Pennell's teaching by the annual exhibitions of his classes realize that he came nearer to his goal year by year. The present exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, for which he selected the prints a few days before his death, shows what he did in an American school with the talent that flocked to him from all over the world.

"His pupils intend to carry on under the banner of 'The Pennell Society of Graphic Arts,' holding its annual exhibitions under that name. It has been organized by sixteen charter members—men and women who have studied in his classes at least two years. The officers are Andrew Butler, President; Catherine Van Brunt, Vice President; Marion Freeman, Secretary and Treasurer.

Mrs. Pennell Honored

"The society has made Mrs. Pennell its Honorary President, and Gifford Beal and Wilhelmina Weber, who have taken great interest in its founding, honorary members.

"For the present the new society's headquarters are at the Art Students' League at 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. It is a unique institution, as there is no other society whose exhibitions embrace all forms of graphic arts. New members will be admitted solely on merit.

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THE STUDENT MOVEMENT IN A FERMENT

College Undergraduates, Long Inarticulate, Now Demand A Hand in Guiding Educational Affairs

(Continued from Page 1)

money expended. As far as the students themselves are concerned, the movement has been almost wholly beneficial. Many an unwilling student has studied hard in order to make his team, many a law-breaking student has conformed to social custom in order to make good on the field, many an injurious habit has been given up for the Spartan regimen of the training table. Moral qualities of leadership and teamwork, the tough muscle and the steady eye are the reward of American athletics. And as in the case of the fraternity, the faculty which ignored the existence of this great institution has come to realize that unless it makes of athletics its friend and aid in the scheme of American education, athletics like the fraternity, may put an end to the college itself.

It is the fault of the Faculty. If the professors had really concerned themselves with the students' leisure day they would not be in the predicament so eloquently described by the recent report of university professors condemning intercollegiate football as now conducted. That report reads like the expressions of dismay of the "wets" on the morning after prohibition. The professor engaged in his Addison walk of contemplation has bumped into the stadium and cannot imagine how it came into existence. Fear, which is the child of ignorance, cries "Down with it," but second thought suggests that the institution is here and that the sooner it is brought into line with the general purpose of the college the better it will be.

The Useful Graduate

The fraternity and the stadium are expensive necessities. Neither could have come into existence without the aid of a third party to the college contract, the graduate. He has furnished the funds, he has taken title to the property, he has controlled the details of the organization. Having no responsibility to the college administration and even openly contemptuous of its half-understood aims, the graduate has often worked completely at odds with the college with a sublime disregard of truth and has told the students that what they learned in the classroom was of no importance to them. It was the habits they formed outside the classroom which would be of value to young graduates. He has then shown his own worst side, half sentimental, half debauched, as a guide to their future course. He has professionalized the boy's idealistic love of sport; he has encouraged the student in wanton extravagance in the organization and maintenance of fraternity houses.

Again the Faculty, and more frequently the President, have been astounded at this turn of affairs, and have taken a turn at denouncing the alumnus and his baleful influence. "It is the graduates who make all the trouble; they are to blame for such standards in the American college." Thus the professors and the college President declaim, all the while standing cap in hand in vociferous appeal to the alumni for endowment. Such hypocrisy is treated by the alumni as it deserves.

The organized associations of alumni must now be accepted as an integral part of the college. The Vassar Associate Alumnae, for example, is a separate educational body, holding a charter for educational purposes granted them by the Regents of the University of the State of New York. They maintain a hall of residence with rooms for study and conference entirely managed by them, although the building is on the property and on the campus of Vassar College. They bring to their sessions leaders of thought who add greatly to the academic circle. The graduate, particularly in his leisure day, must be recognized as having something to contribute to the American college; and the Faculty has already responded generously to the intellectual appeal. Indeed, the graduate movement is a more powerful movement and will modify academic tradition more effectually than will any of the as yet immature plans among the undergraduates themselves.

The Vassar Alumnae Association has as its chief executive of its Associate Alumnae an educational director, whose function is primarily adult education, and not the raising of funds. Princeton and Amherst and other colleges have developed various intellectual channels for reaching their alumni and the results have been most promising.

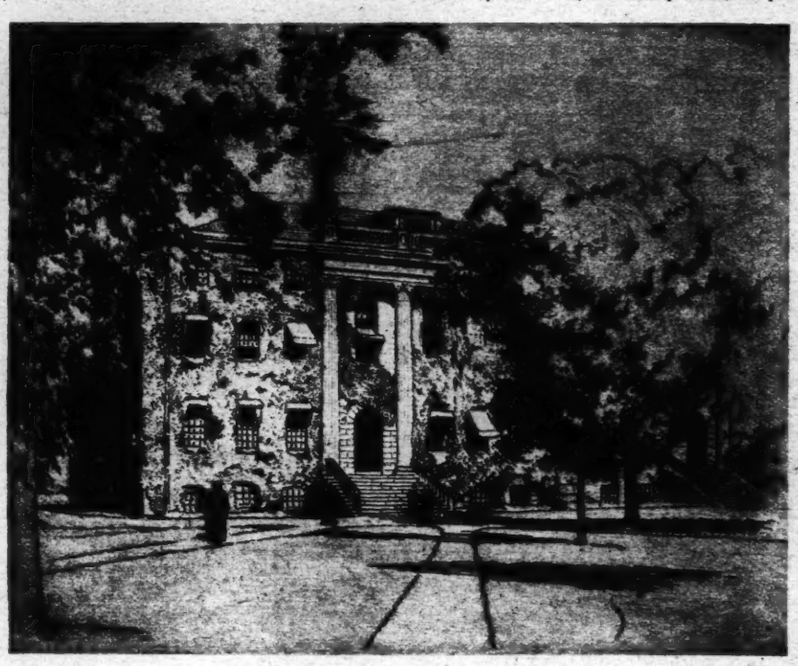
Just as the fraternity and athletic team are instruments of enormous potentiality ready to the Faculty's hand in the furtherance of academic efficiency, so the graduate organization awaits the professor's tardy recognition. It is entirely possible, without too much organization, to continue the education of the alumni group, inculcating respect for intellectual adjustment, securing their cooperation in business, professional and political opportunity for the students, using the alumni group as a recruiting agency for securing a more earnest and more intelligent student body, and most of all by developing a system of adult education to raise the whole cultural tone of American social life in their community.

If the college graduate is the figure that the comic papers make him out to be, and that some professors scold about, it is the fault of the Faculty. If he returns to the college and interferes unintelligently in the academic administration, if he demands reforms of which he knows nothing, it is because the Faculty persists in handing the undergraduate student his diploma in the attitude of "now be off with you," while at the same time it seeks from the graduate the very means of its own existence.

In a word, the American college is no longer a college in the old sense of the word. It is a great social organization operating most powerfully in a democracy, where class lines are not yet strictly drawn, and where vast numbers of the people possess leisure. The professor may grumble about it, he may actively oppose it, but he will accommodate himself to the situation as the facts become clear; and he will be all the better for the change.

In particular, the sooner the professor realizes that the graduate's influence over the undergraduate is even more powerful than his own the sooner he realizes that the student's leisure day is the one with which the professor should be most concerned, the better for the intellectual integrity of the college. And the professor is beginning to realize this. The department of music has discovered the glee club, the department of physical education has discovered the crew, the department of political science has discovered the debating society, and the department of English has discovered the college paper.

The result has been the introduction of courses paralleling everywhere in the curriculum the structural elements in the undergraduate leisure. Even the hobbledehoy dramatic pretensions of fraternity night have been capitalized to develop dramatic production by Faculty teachers who seek to extend their sway over every histrionic impulse of the undergraduate. In this new recognition of the values evolving from student life itself, there is coming about an understanding and cooperation between professors and students; out of this cooperation and out of this increase of contact is coming the modern student movement.



University Hall, Harvard, by Sears Gallagher.

Like Grown-Up Men

Left to themselves the students would probably have continued happily concerned with the enjoyment of their leisure time; brought face to face by their professors with world currents in politics, economics and religion, they have discovered that their own playthings were somewhat immature. It was much more fun playing with the tools of grown-up men. They responded with avidity. Free speech in the classroom and on the campus, for which the professors had been fighting in their university association, became in turn the rallying cry of the student. The right of a radical professor to retain his collegiate chair became in turn the right of the radical college organization to university toleration. The casting off of the narrower forces of denominational theology by the professor became in turn a movement for the abolition of compulsory religious ritual at the college.

The college professors who organized the league to enforce peace have consciously or unconsciously fostered in every American college definite political organizations whose aim is similar to their own. Professors with strong proclivities toward social sympathy with the downtrodden have, by close association, fostered the development of strike leaders. Thus the professors themselves, so far as they have recognized their own trend in the student's leisure day, so far as they have applied their own knowledge to current problems, have produced the student movement of our time. This is recognized by the supporters of the unchanged order of things, who in denouncing the youth movement very seldom denounce the student leaders of it, but bitterly attack the professors for saying what they believe. The very extravagance of imprecation that fills the clubs and luncheon rooms is evidence of the ignorance of what is going on.

Even student concern with the curriculum, the latest development in the student movement, is largely a following of academic leadership. President Aydelotte denounces the classroom. Professor Meiklejohn shouts, "Away with all lectures." President Frank says that the college is sick and proposes an isolation ward where it can be taken apart and examined and experimented on; Secretary Flexner wants to abolish the college altogether at university centres. Professor Johnston Ross denounces compulsory chapel. Professor William B. Otis denounces compulsory drills. Professor J. E. Kirkpatrick would abolish the college Presidency. But if students propose any reforms in these fields, we call it a student movement!

What, then, does the student movement in the United States amount to? It is in no sense parallel to the student movement in Europe. The European student has been face to face with crushing economic burdens, with political disqualifications, with the bitterness of religious feuds. He is exploited by Fascismo and swastika, by trade union and international, by militarist and pacifist. As a result he is either enlisted in these camps and immediately formed into the flying squadron as an active participant in the movement, or by violent reaction against such exploitation he has withdrawn either into quasi-Oriental mysticism or the idealistic medieval romance of the wandering student of old. Such movements have practically no counterpart in the United States. In spite of capitalist and Communist the American college student is still remote from current world movements. In his leisure day he is chiefly concerned with his own affairs.

The student movement in America is taken up with the demand for student autonomy in student matters. Undergraduates are quarreling with alumni over the management of teams. They are refusing the sentimental code of college sport handed down to them. They are defending the leisure day against the inroads made upon it by competing Faculty departments. They are going further just now in demanding some share in the control of the working day at the college. They are questioning not only the requirements of subjects, but the methods of teaching. The time is soon coming when innovations in the curriculum will not be imposed upon them without conference, when they will retort with "tu quoque" to the professor, "if we study badly it is because we are taught badly," "if we have no intellectual enthusiasm it is because your teaching is mechanized," "if we despise research it is because of your own attitude toward it," "if some of you gentlemen with Ph. D.'s showed any real enthusiasm for research we might ourselves respect it more," "we know what an interesting lecture is as well as you do," "we know when a course is well taught as well as you do," "if we soldier on our job it is because you soldier on yours."

Evidences of Thinking

These and other equally irreverent rejoinders are now being heard on the college campus. They constitute the real student movement in America today. To the present writer the movement seems wholly good if the professor recognizes the situation in time. The students' questioning of the value of religion in daily life is equally to the good if church leaders recognize the situation in time. All these revolts and objections are evidences of keen intellectual enthusiasm, of the discovery that participation in the real life of the world is much more fun than playing with the ephemeral ideals of the campus.

The student may go further; he has already gained control of his own membership through self-government, he may go further and organize student banks and subsidies in the form of loan funds and other aids to enable students of all classes to attend college. If the students will do this they will postpone for another generation the sharp class distinctions into which America seems to be rapidly falling. The Bryn Mawr labor school, the Summer camps and institutions teaching students to fraternize with members of the laboring classes, are evidences of the wish to know how others live. At Vassar last Winter the debating team of Vassar College met students from Brookwood Labor College; the trade unionists preached socialism and sang the "Internationale" as their college cheer when they left.

All this may seem startling to conservative elements, who like the hatches nailed down over the fire in the hold; but it is just as well to recognize that there are still vast numbers to whom a college education is an innovation and as our wealth increases our social groups are likely to draw away from each other. The church has been giving ground before this movement; and the college has a unique opportunity if it will but grasp it. The students may provide the forum in which farmer and artisan, extra help and foreign laborer may come to know something of the other groups in this democracy, and at first hand.

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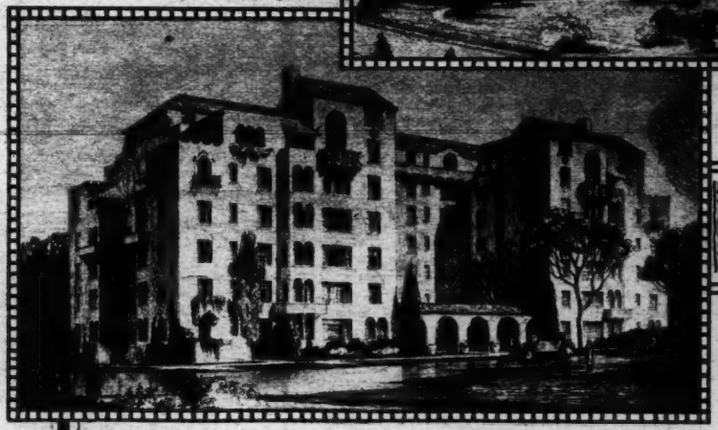

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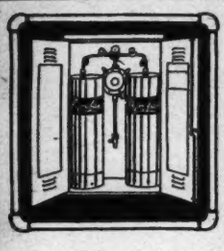

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OLD MIDLAND TRAIL RENEWS ITS YOUTH

(Continued from Page 5)

of humans rolled back the line of the frontier to the base of the Rocky Mountains—and presto! the greatest unsettled region in the temperate zone was occupied.

Little wonder that these funnels that fed the West were unrivaled scenes. They were the veins of the young nation, and through them flowed the true compound of the nation's life—mercantile, political, social; drab and gay, honest and conniving; horseback, afoot, or carried by every variety of vehicle known to the age. Chief of these conveyances, of course, were the stage coaches and the Conestoga wagons, "the great 'mountain ships' which creaked down the mountain sides and groaned off into the setting sun."

Stages were running on schedule between Lewisburg and Charleston before the pike was finished, and the schedule moved westward with the road. Two horses, then four, then five, then six—in that progression of coach power we get the increasing speed and intensity of travel. The terms "shake-guts" and "cannon balls" applied to the express coaches help us to fill in the realistic details of travel.

Coach and covered wagon, except through the resurrective agency of the motion picture, have gone into limbo; but this country that went to sleep with their going, so far as the outside world was concerned, has kept intact for us still more precious relics of the past. Many of the inns of fond and picturesque memory are still dozing by the wayside, and in this caprice of her preserving nature Fate has been more than kind. For it is in the stories of taverns and their hosts far more than in accounts of swinging caravans that the "abstract and brief chronicles" of the time have been written.

Glimpses of Old Times

Some one has said that the best picture of a period may be had by reading the contemporary advertisements. Even so, the adventitious advertising contained in the travelers' sketches upon the innkeepers, famous or infamous, the "table," the customs and manners (if and when any) in the stage-stands give us a more intimate glimpse of the time than could whole libraries of "The Present State of Virginia" and other studious prospectuses.

Did the world and his wife wish to know the temper of the hosts, the quality of the food, whether the beds were all they should be? Travelers and publisher combined to supply the information, often sprinkled with Latin quotations to give the desired literary flavor. Thus, of Tackett's Tavern, "Illius tristissima noctis imago. Ovid Tristia, Travelers are informed that beds have two sides, an inside and an outside, and the latter should be used when the former is not inviting. This house is five miles from Covington." Selah! The mark is on the gate post. Our modern hobo with his piece of chalk could not be more explicit.

On the other hand, there was Callaghan's, five miles on the other side of Covington (west), now sadly reduced to a pile of chimney stones. Dennis Callaghan it was who went into literature in "Westward Ho!"—and from all reports he deserved it. His place acquired fame as a breakfasting house. "Reader, if you have never eaten fried chicken at Callaghan's, you do not know the luxury of fried chicken. It makes your mouth water at the distance of two hundred miles."

Then there was Colonel Crow, whose perfect example of an early Virginia tavern sits old and bemused not far from the Virginia-West Virginia line. President Van Buren made a special trip from White Sulphur Springs to see it because, forsooth, other politicians had collected some rare yarns from the genial, prevaricating boniface. White Sulphur, to which the Presidents regularly repaired from sultry Washington and where the first Summer White House overlooks the spring as of old, was one of the chief concerns of the self-appointed reporters from the time of the log hotel in the dell to the prouder period of white-washed brick, the beau monde and the diplomatic coterie.

Further west, in quaint, droway Lewisburg, some of the old brick inns still stand stoop-shouldered on the main street, and the famous Star Tavern of Mr. Frazier, host to all the Judges and lawyers of the country, including Henry Clay, may be seen at the western end of the town. At the western foot of Big Sewell Mountain, on top of which perches Lee's Tree, is the Old Stone House, perhaps the most renowned of all, a favorite with Daniel Webster, Jackson, Breckenridge and all the turnpike's Who's Who.

On down the New River and the Kanawha to Charleston, and from Charleston to old Guyandotte along the historic route, stand these silent, galleried veterans that tell no tales. But we know enough to help us people the scenes again; enough, perhaps, to call up that beaver-hatted, cowhide-booted, huge-cravatted company of the road. We know that "not more than five" were permitted to sleep in any one bed; that no one might go to bed with his boots on; that many preferred spending the night in the barroom to removing their boots.

We know that a "warm diet" dinner cost the boarder 16 2-3 cents; that he paid 10½ cents for "cold diet," and that he demanded at least a dozen different meats for the price. We know how much money he could save by sleeping in a chaff bed instead of on feathers, and how he cursed when they woke him up at 4 in the morning to start for the next house without breakfast.

And we know how, when steamboats and steam trains offered him more convenience and speed, he deserted these scenes of Gargantuan eating and drinking, of tall talk and ready fellowship, leaving them listless and hollow beside a highway that was gradually stilled.

ABYSSINIA KEEPS OLD WAYS

(Continued from Page 11)

in active worship but influence the construction of the churches. Silver St. Andrew's crosses glint in the sunlight from the tops of these little houses of devotion, built of straw and whitewashed clay with thatched roofs ending in a point. Always the four points of the cross end in a decoration imitating an ostrich egg, possibly the relic of some forgotten superstition. Or perhaps as Aligat-Uwi, the sage of the mountain and one of Abyssinia's greatest scholars, explains it:

"The ostrich has to be very careful in hatching its eggs, because if it leaves them they will become bad. In the same way if men desert their church and forget their faith, they, too, will become bad and be destroyed."

The churches are generally set in a thick grove of trees and are dedicated to one of the saints. As in all simple faiths the origin of each building is closely connected with some legend. In the wild Ankober mountains a tiny chapel has been dedicated to the saint Claudius close to a bubbling spring, the hitherto untold story of which is typical of Ethopian religious legendry. Here is how the Abyssinion relates this tale:

"Aba Gabra Mariam was a hermit monk who lived in Debre-Birkhana quite alone in a great thick forest near the wild mountains Ankober. He was a very holy man and spent his days praising God and praying.

"One night he had a dream and the next day he went to the village to tell the people about it. When they had all gathered around him in the market place, he spoke:

"Last night I dreamed that God spoke to me, saying: 'For that thy heart is full of love and pity for the sick, the halt and the blind, I shall guide thee to a spot where thou shalt find healing waters for the people. Follow the path through the forest as far as the hill that is called Middag, near the Ankober Mountains. There on the hill, close to a tree with great spreading branches, is a well whose holy waters will heal all suffering.'"

"A great cry of joy went up from the people sitting in the market place. Aba Gabra Mariam spoke again:

"'The waters are still locked in their dark well, but arise and follow me so that your own eyes can bear witness to this great miracle. Let the sick and bed-ridden be carried thither and let the cripples take up their staves and wander on foot with me.'

"So they all arose and started on the path leading through the forest to the holy well, which was eight days' journey from the place where the monk lived. It was a long and weary pilgrimage, but at last, guided by a little bird Aba Gabra Mariam had healed, they reached the mighty tree overhanging the well. Aba Gabra Mariam arose and went to the tree and, lifting his staff, struck the moss-grown trunk three times. At the third stroke, behold! water gushed forth from the tree in a great life-giving stream, but with such force that it loosened a large piece of bark which, falling on a poor, weak cripple, struck him dead.

"The people trembled and were stricken with great fear. So they fell to weeping, praying to God for help, and bemoaning the dead man.

"Tenderly Aba Gabra Mariam lifted the dead man and laid him in the holy water. It rippled over him and covered him from head to foot. And lo! as the people gazed they saw the dead man's eyes open. Slowly he raised himself and walked to Aba Gabra Mariam.

"And so the weeping and moaning were changed to cries of gladness. When the people were certain that it was true they hobbled to the water and let it cover them from head to foot. One by one they came out, dancing with joy. The lame broke their crutches in pieces, the blind tore the bandages from their eyes. And a great shout went up to God from the glad people.

"And to mark the place of the great miracle forever, a little chapel was built on the hill in the shadow of the mighty tree and the name that was given it was Middag—Amanuel."

Is this a medley of Scriptual and other tales, or is it not? The reader may judge for himself. When the Abyssinian sees an opportunity to adorn a religious legend with bits from other creeds or folk-lore he apparently seldom misses it. Certainly the far-off African land where green plains stretch to the base of mountains on whose tops slaves stand as sentries to warn against attack is a melting-pot of half the religions of antiquity mingled with those of today.

HAWAIIAN SANDS

ON Kauai, one of the Hawaiian Islands, are found "barking" sands. The sand on one of the beaches there becomes resonant when the grains are set in motion by a footfall. Sounds like subterranean thunder are heard, sighing and groaning sounds, a rustling as of a silk dress, and a faint, eerie whispering. This phenomenon can be heard at only a few places in the world.

The beach at Puna, on the island of Hawaii, presents a weird aspect. Because of the repeated streams of lava flowing down from Kilauea, the sands are jet black. Contrasted with the white surf dashing up from the reef, the beach presents a most unusual aspect. The black sands and the white surf of Puna are famed in legend and song over all Hawaii.

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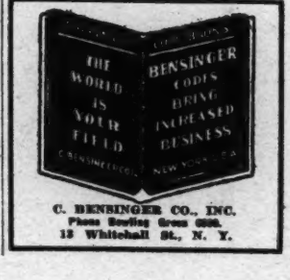

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ROB ROY'S HIGHLAND HOME

Modern Builders Propose to Install Electric Lights in the Outlaw's Ancient Scottish Retreat

THE idea of electric lights in the haven of an eighteenth century outlaw may seem an anachronism, but exactly that improvement is being contemplated for the ancient house of the famous Rob Roy on the borders of Perthshire and Stirlingshire. For two centuries the legends surrounding the scourge of the Highlands have held sway; Roy Roy Macgregor is still as picturesque a figure as when he raided the well-to-do on dark nights and gave his loot to the poor. The modernizing of his home is not likely to dispel the romantic glamour that has gathered about the man Sir Walter Scott embodied in a classic.

Certain it is that he retains a hold on the imagination of the countryside where he defied his foes for so many years, and the verdict of history appears to be that he was no worse than any other outlaw chieftain of his time.

Rob Roy Macgregor had many reasons for turning against the law, which had declared his entire clan beyond the pale. Grasping lords on either side of the Macgregor country had done their best to take his family's lands away from them, and succeeded. After a series of cruel misfortunes Rob Roy at last arose to lead the clan of Macgregor against avaricious enemies and the organized forces that had hounded his kin with fire and sword.

His name became a terror for many miles around. His skill at wielding the broadsword in combat won him a reputation that traveled as far as London. Innumerable attempts were made to capture him, but he avoided imprisonment time and again, while exhibiting a positive genius for turning the tables on his pursuers.

"He is a man of a prodigious strength and of such an uncommon stature that he approaches even to a gigantic size; he wears a beard about a foot long and not only his face but his whole body is covered over with red hair, which is the reason that he is commonly called Rob Roy; for that in the Highland dialect signifies Red Robert, it being usual there to give people nicknames from their hair or complexion."

Thus wrote one imaginative scribe in a pamphlet entitled "The Highland Rogue," which had a wide circulation at the time. There were plenty of exploits for an able pen to describe when Rob Roy made one of his periodical descents on the plains for purposes of cattle driving and of taking prisoners for ransom. Numerous tales have grown up about his achievements, all tending to portray him as a gigantic figure. Twenty men of the Earl of Athol, his bitter foe, once trapped him in a lonely glen. Rob Roy drew his broadsword and dared them to attack, but they held off in terror.

"Tell your master if he sends any more of his pigmy race to disturb me, I shall hang them up for the eagles to feed on!" he shouted.

Later on the Earl of Athol in person at the head of an armed force descended on Rob Roy while the funeral of his mother was being held. The Highland outlaw scattered his would-be captors with a few sweeps of his sword while his redoubtable sister, clad in man's armor, flung herself upon the unhappy Earl and almost choked him to death before she could be pulled off. After that the Earl, like many another pursuer of Rob Roy, withdrew with all due speed.

There is the tale also of the bold bailiff who boasted that he would penetrate to the castle of the outlaw and collect a sum of money due his creditors. Pleasantly received, the bailiff was shown to a chamber for the night, and on looking out in the morning discovered a gruesome sight—the body of a man hanging from a tree.

"A rascally bailiff who called an hour ago," the visitor was told. "That is the way Rob Roy treats such animals."

Without waiting to don his hat or coat the bailiff fled from the castle, leaving behind him a roaring chieftain. The "corpse" was a dummy stuffed with straw.

Rob Roy Made His Own Laws

In extenuation of Rob Roy's raiding proclivities it should be recalled that at that period cattle driving was regarded as an honorable means of adding to the income, and also that the law had decreed the entire clan to be without its limits. Any one could shoot or cut down a Macgregor with impunity, and a bounty of no less than £1,000 was on Rob Roy's head. In consequence Rob Roy made his own laws and levied his own tributes as his fancy dictated.

Many a Scottish chieftain, nevertheless, had occasion to think kindly of Rob Roy. At a great gathering of the heads of clans at Breadalbane, a bond was signed pledging allegiance to the house of Stuart. The bond fell into the hands of Captain Campbell at Fort William, and chieftains' heads began to feel uncertain on their shoulders. In disguise Rob Roy penetrated to the fort and learned that the Governor was sending the bond to the Privy Council with an officer and armed escort. Three days' march away Rob Roy and his men surrounded the party, captured the bond.

A garrison of soldiers sent to Inversnait to put an end to the Macgregor cattle driving found themselves dispossessed in no uncertain fashion. Rob Roy persuaded a woman of his clan to provide the soldiers with plentiful potions of mountain dew, and as soon as the sentinels slept he entered the fort and set fire to it. For a time, however, he was so closely pursued by soldiery that he was forced to abandon his home and live the life of a wanderer in the caves and woods.

Innumerable tale of this variety still abound in the MacGregor country. At one time an aged clansman appealed to Rob Roy for aid in paying up three years' arrears of rent. Rob Roy handed him the money from his own purse, saw him pay the bailiff and then, as a final touch of humor, sent some of his own men to hold up the bailiff in a distant spot and get back the fund.

During the Earl of Marr's rebellion, the Macgregor clan was aligned with the forces of discontent, and MacGregors were the only rebels left out of the general pardon following the collapse of the movement. Once an outlaw, always an outlaw, was the fate that followed picturesque Rob Roy all his life. At his death in 1734 the Government forces breathed a long sigh of relief, and the land-holding Earls of the vicinity felt safer behind their castle walls. The humbler folk, however, mourned the passing of a chieftain who, despite his depredations elsewhere, had often been their friend.

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4	yrs.	178.75	321.25	6,000
4½	yrs.	201.50	298.50	7,000
5	yrs.	227.50	272.50	7,000
5½	yrs.	253.50	246.50	8,000
6	yrs.	279.50	220.50	9,000
6½	yrs.	305.50	194.50	10,000
7	yrs.	334.75	165.25	11,000
7½	yrs.	364.00	136.00	12,100
8	yrs.	393.25	106.75	13,000
8½	yrs.	422.50	77.50	14,000
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9½	yrs.	487.50	12.50	16,000
10	yrs.	520.00	20.00	17,100
10½	yrs.	556.75	44.25	18,200
11	yrs.	591.50	108.50	19,300
11½	yrs.	627.25	172.75	20,500
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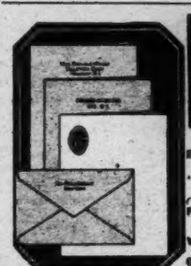

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HOW MAN WON HIS PLACE ON THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 3)

ice invasions. All this may be read from the material evidence these human beings have left.

Only after the summit of the last ice spell, or perhaps 40,000 years ago, does man at last reach high enough in culture and mentality to be able to preserve a fairly steady surplus of births over deaths. And then slowly there begins saturation of given regions, then crowding and then a necessary spread for the accommodation of the growing numbers. Thus, in the postglacial time or from the latter part of the Mousterian cultural period onward, begins the peopling of the earth, which thereafter proceeds ever more intensively and widely until eventually all lands are peopled, while group streamings become impossible and mass spreads with migration give place to individualized emigration.

When the Ice Age Ended

To recapitulate briefly: Up to the time of the last glacial invasion man had evidently all he could do to keep his own and his spread over the earth was limited. He is known to have reached as far as Central Europe and possibly to the Nile Valley. But after the last ice invasion began to recede man began, according to all indications, steadily to multiply in numbers and to spread.

The spread followed three main natural laws, which are in operation among all living beings and at all times to this day. They are the law of spread in the direction of least resistance; that of spread in the direction of better prospects, and a flight in the direction of force from behind. Often two or all of these causes have doubtless acted together.

The main direction of least resistance from Western and Central Europe lay (1) directly eastward over the wide fertile plains of what is now Southern Russia and Siberia, into Central and then Eastern Asia; (2) southeastward, through the Balkan Peninsula and though Asia Minor to India, Malaysia and Australia, and (3) directly southward into Africa. These three great avenues became the natural vents for the growing later Neanderthal and especially the Aurignacian and later populations of Europe.

The man of these earlier postglacial times was in all probability in the essentials already near the man of today, but there are reasons to believe that he was predominantly more or less brown in color, with dark eyes and hair; and, while already specialized into various localized sub-types, he resembled fully none of the races of man of today.

From this man not a single stream but a series of waves extended gradually over all Central, Eastern and Northern Asia, developing there eventually into the yellow-brown main race or strain of humanity with its various subdivisions. The latest and already lighter waves gave the Finno-Ugrians and Tatar peoples.

The successive waves over the southeastern course developed into the pre-Dravids, Australians, and later into the Dravidian, Hamitic and lastly the Semitic population.

The African waves resulted (1) in the negrito—part of whom eventually attempted to spread eastward along the borders of India and over the Malay Peninsula, reaching as far as the Philippine Islands and probably New Guinea—(2) the negrillo, who became the forest people of Central Africa; (3) the Bushman and Hottentot, related to the negrito or the negrillo, and, eventually (4), the tall negro of Sudan of the big Bantu family, &c.

Finally, the mother stock in Europe is seen to differentiate in the course of time into the great white race, which in turn separates fairly distinctly into the Iberian or Mediterranean, the Central European or Alpine, the Nordic and the Slavic types; all of which, though greatly admixed with each other, develop in turn a larger or a smaller number of recognizable localized or nationalistic modern subtypes, such as the predominant English, French, Italian, Russian or German.

The older yellow-brown strain of Eastern Asia meanwhile had been obliged to seek further parts and, following the coast reached Kamchatka, then northeasternmost Siberia, and by a further step Alaska and America. Small parties come doubtless again and again over a long time. It is a prolonged and disconnected dribbling over, rather than any mass immigration. And the different contingents bring surely with them already differences in type, language and culture. There are at least five such separate though fundamentally allied strains clearly recognizable on the American continent, and there are plain indications that some of these, such as the Algonquins, and especially the Athabascans and the Eskimo, are considerably later than others and fairly recent.

Other important contingents of the yellow-brown stock penetrated southeastward in Asia to the extremity of the mainland and to the great islands. These are the Malays. A mixed strain of the yellow-browns and the Euro-Indian strain spread over Polynesia. Another mixed strain, negritoid perhaps and pre or early Dravid, peopled Melanesia, admixing in turn some of the Australians.

Thus in the main, according to the most direct and reliable evidence obtainable today, has the peopling of the earth progressed and been accomplished. The remainder is principally colonization and infiltration.

Man's Two Great Phases

Man has passed through two great phases of his existence: First, that of a very long limitation in numbers and territory; and second that of a fairly rapid postglacial spread over the earth. He is in a third phase, that of balancing of tension, of filling up to what he can hold of all the available localities. Soon also this, relatively short, period will come to an end. Then there will be a rapid increase of the danger of human vulcanism, excessive localized pressure of population—a factor which consciously or unconsciously has led to many of the wars of the past and must almost inevitably lead to others. Unless nature benevolently steps in, the localized growing internal pressure of different human groups will be the chief social problem of humankind in the not far distant future.

THE EPIC OF '76: THE FOE ACTIVE

(Continued from Page 7)

he takes a paper bag to put it in at 2 shillings, and so in proportion for a greater or lesser quantity."

We do not know what happened to Mrs. Lawrence, but it is a relief to note that there is no record of her having been shot at sunrise.

The curious predicament in which the Colonies found themselves as a result of the cutting off of transatlantic trade is reflected in two resolutions passed by Congress at the end of May. One was an appeal "to the Committees of Observation and Inspection in the United Colonies so to regulate the price of sale as to prevent unreasonable exactions on the part of the seller, having due regard to the difficulty and risk of importation."

The other was a request to the authorities in all Colonies having lead mines "to transmit to Congress, with all convenient despatch, the state and condition of the lead mines in their respective Colonies, and use the most speedy means to procure their being wrought to effect." War then was by no means the complicated affair that it is today; but even in 1776 its outcome might turn on very slight details. An army could not fight without lead, nor keep its health without salt.

The spirit of the people was more and more for independence. In Massachusetts, town after town sent in ringing memorials in favor of a declaration. The revolutionary party was rallying under difficulties even in the conservative middle Colonies. To keep this enthusiasm alive John Hancock, acting under instructions from Congress, sent out an eloquent appeal to the militia of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and elsewhere.

John Hancock's Appeal

"They are called upon," he said, "to say whether they will live slaves or die freemen. They are requested to step forth in defense of their wives, their children, their liberty and everything they hold dear."

From Canada Benedict Arnold was writing one of those fiery patriotic letters, later to carry such a burden of mournful irony:

"Neglected by Congress below; pinched with every want here; distressed with the smallpox; want of Generals and discipline in our army, which may rather be called a great rabble; our late unhappy retreat from Quebec and loss of the Cedars; our credit and reputation lost and great part of the country; with a powerful foreign enemy advancing upon us—these are so many difficulties we cannot surmount them. My whole thoughts are now bent on making a safe retreat out of the country. However, I hope we shall not be obliged to leave it until we have had one more bout for the honor of America."

For the honor of America! Arnold could not then have dreamed that the time would come when his name and honor would not be mentioned in the same breath.

John Adams, watching the progress of events, was well aware that no matter what turn military fortune might take, his party—the party of independence—was in the ascendancy. And so, on June 2, he went cheerfully out to dinner at a friend's house in Philadelphia, and wrote to his wife, among matters of more serious import: "We had cherries, strawberries and green peas in plenty."

It had been an early and genial Spring. The earth was fruitful.

POLAND REVELS IN SUPER-PATRIOTISM

(Continued from Page 4)

morning. There people gather for their morning tea or chocolate with rolls. By 11 the cafés are humming, for Poles like talk. From the lunch hour, at about 2, the restaurants are packed until 5—one hour for eating and two hours for talking over cigarettes. Dining hours begin around 8 and last until midnight. Yet the Poles are temperate with food and drink.

In Poland living comes first, and business may take care of itself. And love of living goes with pride of living, which helps to explain why the Poles seem, to the practical-minded, to run off at tangents.

Another incident illustrative of Polish sentiment comes to mind. A respectable sort of old beggar in a peculiarly antiquated uniform used to go about the tables in the cafés of Warsaw. Never did he fail to receive some small token from the Poles, and Polish army officers saluted him in the street. He was a survivor of the rebellion of 1863, so ruthlessly put down by Russia. Polish nationalism for the time being seemed wiped away; the country was forcibly and thoroughly Russianized.

This perhaps is why the Russian Church, as the culminating act of Russianization, proved so hateful to Polish eyes that it has now been leveled.

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NEW TURKEY PROGRESSES AT HIGH SPEED

(Continued from Page 6)

Whatever the state of your feelings in Angora, people will say with a nod: "Ah, yes, it is the air." When an over-ambitious politician decided one day to leave the town it was explained that the air of Angora was bad for his health.

This climate is one with which you cannot compromise. Either you thrive or you depart. It is hard, exhilarating, full of sudden changes—the veritable air of revolution. To this high altitude no distracting currents can penetrate, no winds of foreign doctrine. Angora may lack the comforts of Constantinople, but it stimulates concentration upon the problems of the republic.

All the construction in Turkey now centres in Angora. Five years ago, when Kemal set up general-staff headquarters in the vicinity, his capital was literally a village of mud. The first American representative at Angora lived in a converted box car. Much later, visiting diplomats had sleeping cars put at their disposal during their brief visits. Now there are a dozen hotels offering shelter, however primitive; and a large modern hotel will be completed by the end of the Summer.

A New Angora Soon

Over the slow village life, which goes on entirely unchanged behind the crumbling Roman ramparts of Old Angora on the hill, a superstructure of modern building is rising. The Government is determined that in five years more Angora shall turn from a pioneer town into a decorous modern capital. White cottages and public buildings are springing up with a businesslike rapidity of which no one ever believed the Turks capable.

Seeing the rate at which motor cars race through the winding streets—donkeys and chickens and peasants scuttling aside to make room—you do not doubt that Turkey has capitulated to the twentieth century demand for speed. As a matter of fact things are moving faster in Angora than anywhere else in the modern world. In less than three years the Angora Government has broken the grip of thirteen Mussulman centuries.

I happened to be in the gallery of the Grand National Assembly on the afternoon when the Swiss Civil Code was ratified. In the weeks preceding there had been talk of modifying the code. It was rumored that certain clauses referring to religion would be altered, notably those permitting freedom of choice in religion and the marriage of Christian men with Moslem women. It was known that the code had opponents. Very few people expected Turkey, the backward child among the nations, to accept without reservation the most up-to-date social code in the world.

One of the people who expected it was Mustapha Kemal Pasha. On the afternoon of the voting the President was in his box at the Grand National Assembly. He sat there, smoth-shaven and bland, a gleam of excitement lurking in his eyes. The Deputies were all at their desks, most of them fingering short chains of colored beads (called Tesbes) which are supposed to steady the nerves.

Atfer speeches by Mahmoud Essad Bey, Minister of Justice, and Chukri Kaya Bey, Chairman of the committee, the Swiss Civil Code was put to the vote. Mustapha Kemal said nothing. He sat with lips pressed together and eyes blazing. His personality pervaded the house like a strong wind, blowing down opposition. The code was passed without a dissenting vote.

That afternoon, by the simple process of raising their hands, some 200 men formally abolished polygamy in Turkey; made civil marriage obligatory, and divorce a matter for the courts to settle; affirmed the status of women; made the laws of inheritance equal for both sexes. It meant that social life in Turkey would no longer be ruled by theology. This was the most radical social departure ever achieved by constitutional means, and fully justified Turkey's title to the most peaceful revolution in history.

The men who voted this measure through belong to a generation that was born with its eyes open. They are vigorous, optimistic, summary in their methods—new blood in an ancient race. They may not have the profound training of some of our Western statesmen, but their very lack of sophistication is an asset. It saves them from the disease of doubt that is paralyzing cultured Europe; it keeps them from being appalled by the difficulties before them and enables them to push their projects through.

In Turkey today laws are passed and put into effect with amazing dispatch. Already a law school has been started in Angora to promulgate the new codes—civil, penal and commercial. Every one admits that it will not be easy to enforce the civil code in the interior, where polygamy among the peasants is so deeply ingrained. But nothing is easy in the program of reform New Turkey has laid out for herself.

Merely to maintain a nation under such conditions requires courage and intelligence. Yet the Angora Government has not only held its ground for three years, but has also managed to carry on a program of rapid-fire reform as well. The earnestness of its effort compels belief. So long as imperialistic neighbors control their roving eyes and do not force the country to spend her strength in self-defense instead of in self-development there is reason to believe that the internal problem of Turkey may be solved over an unbroken sequence of years.

Old Men at School

The change grafted upon the country is beginning to show vigor. Recently I visited a night school at Ushak, a little town on the road to Smyrna. The class was held in the village grade school, a room of unpainted desks and benches. In the uneven light I saw old men with white beards learning their letters along with boys of 18; and I was told that throughout the country, in similar lamp-lighted rooms, 70,000 adults were going to school for the first time in their lives.

By such signs it appears that a new spirit has been spreading through the land. Owing to the work of a central Government the circle of civilization in Turkey is widening. How far it will go time must show. Meanwhile the movement is fortunate to have for leader a man who stirred the popular imagination at the Dardanelles during the World War and in Anatolia during the late war with the Greeks.

Kemal is almost a divinity to his countrymen. His picture is everywhere in the cities—in every house, office, schoolroom and bazaar. When people speak of him they lower their voices, seldom mentioning him directly. They call him the Ghazi, as one might say Jehovah. He is a force holding New Turkey together in the face of shattering social reform, and his personality lends a romantic glamour to the movement.

SIMPLE ART FOR THE HOME

(Continued from Page 15)

the eighteenth century, when as candle sconces they reached their highest level of design.

Lucky are the inheritors of a pair of wall-lights of a bye-gone age, or those who have found articles of this sort in attics or antique shops. For others not so blessed there are available reproductions in brass, silver and gilt, together with beautiful examples adorned with crystal prisms and glass jewels.

The wall-light was first used in England somewhere in the middle of the sixteenth century. Since that day great designers, such as Daniel Marot in France, Chippendale and the brothers Adam in England, and in our own time Stanford White, the architect and René Lalique, one of the leaders of modernist interior decoration in France, have all lent their skill to its designing.

Inspection of the showrooms of one large manufacturer of these lighting fixtures gives one a feeling of the astonishing vitality of today's design and the equal vitality of the public's good taste—which, after all, calls forth the work of the designers. Hundreds of styles are available, to suit any personal whim or fashion or room arrangement.

Some of the models are adaptations, rather than copies, of the characteristic motives used in decoration in former great periods of design. For example, a design found carved on old sixteenth century English chests is the "linen fold" design. This suggests long, regularly pleated folds of heavy linen. Used as the pattern on the brass backplate of a wall fixture, it is effectively reminiscent of Tudor days.

One wall-light, faithfully reproducing a light in the American wing in the Metropolitan Museum, is a circular concave mirror, or "bulls-eye," framed in brass and with a brass eagle perched over it. Two graceful arms, which once carried candles but are now, in the reproduction, fitted for electric lights, spring from the lower part of the circular frame. Use of the American eagle, popular after the Revolution, on mirrors and clocks is characteristic of the period and distinguishes it as an American type.

Framed or unframed pieces of mirror are often used for the wall-plates of side lights. In the old days these aided in reflecting the light of the candles. Some have designs etched on the glass, as in the old mirrors; some are a modified form of the elaborate girandoles that Chippendale carved out of wood with such skill and enthusiasm.

Designs reproduced from old forms include not only such wall-lights as have been described, but also the simple and much more primitive examples in use in early Colonial days. One type has a circular convex reflector made up of small squares of mirror glass, with the candle brackets in front. Others of this type had reflectors of pewter or of tin, the surface covered with small circular convex depressions.

While most of the designs reproduced today have a Colonial or an English or a French pedigree, one may obtain examples of fine designs suggestive of Spanish and Italian art as well, for the design of wall-lights has much to do with giving the feeling of a certain period of character to a room. Even though the furniture be of an assortment of styles, the effect of a given decorative period can be suggested by the character of the lighting fixtures.

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